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See where She shows ye Cross, ye Thorns, ye Spear!
The Everlasting Gospel in Her Hand
Unseal'd: Let him that Readeth Understand!

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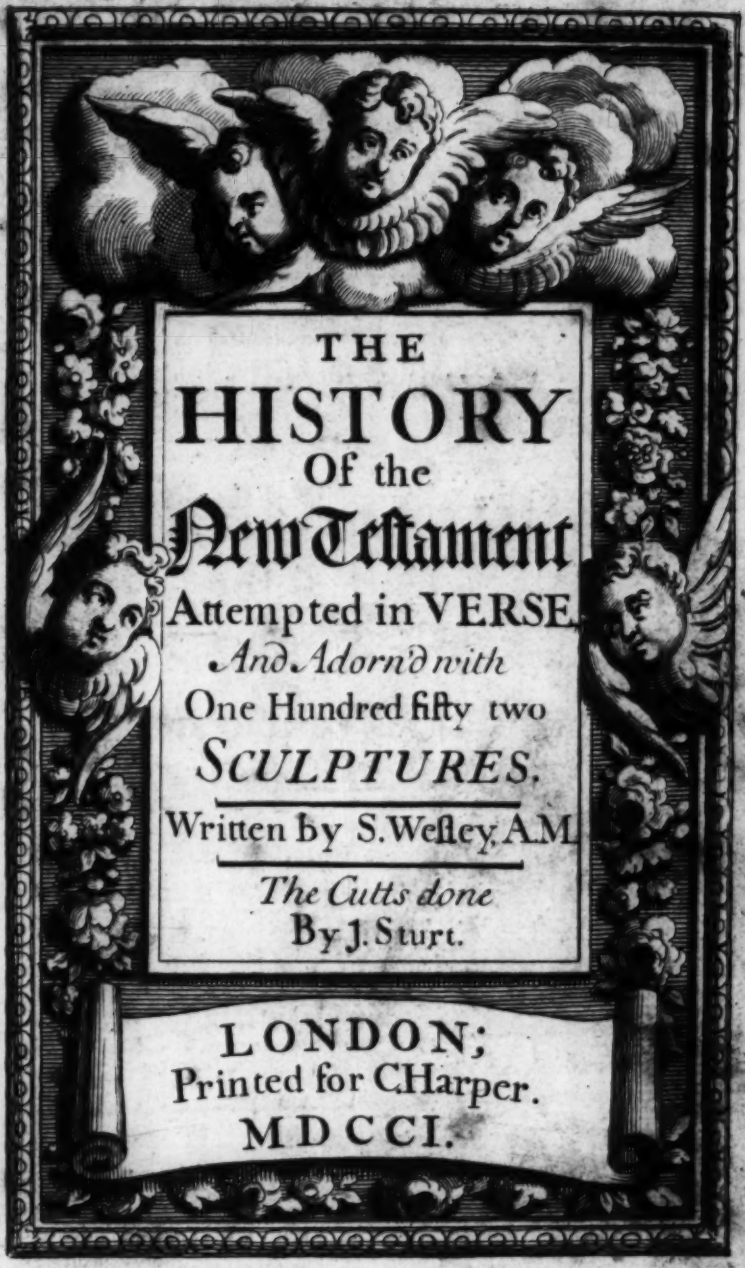

THE HISTORY Of the New Testament Attempted in VERSE

And Adorn'd with

One Hundred fifty two

SCULPTURES.

Written by S. Wesley, A.M.

The Cutts done
By J. Sturt.

LONDON;
Printed for C. Harper.
MDCCI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF The New Testament,

Repreſenting the

ACTIONS and MIRACLES

OF OUR

Bleſſed SAVIOUR

AND HIS

APOSTLES,

Attempted in VERSE:

And adorn'd with CLII. Sculptures.

Written by

SAMUEL WESLEY, A.M.

Chaplain to his Grace, *JOHN* Duke of *Buckingham*, and Author of *The Life of Chriſt*, an Heroic Poem.

The CUTS done by J. STURT.

LONDON. Printed for BENJ. COWSE, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, and JOHN HOOKE, at the *Flower de Luce* over againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1715.

Price of the three Volumes ten Shillings.

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To the Most Honourable,

THE

Lady Marchioness

OF

NORMANBY.

BY *the Death of our late* Queen *of Blessed Memory, as* England *lost the Best* Princess, *so I lost the most Generous* Patro-

neſs *in the World: Mine was a double* Misfortune, *and She dy'd but as Yeſterday to me, tho' others may reckon ſome Years ſince the* Nation *was in Mourning for that deplorable* Calamity. *Something, however, I have at laſt to alleviate this Grief, tho' nothing*

nothing can wholly efface it; the Queen's *Dead, but the* Marchioneſs *of* Normanby *Lives; and I doubt not but I ſhall be envy'd the rare Happineſs of Two ſuch* Patroneſſes. *I muſt confeſs,* Madam, *that it is not the* Grandeur *of your* Birth,

or

or your Fortunes, *that can raiſe my Veneration: Thoſe you poſſeſs in common with ſome few others, even* Beauty *itſelf, muſt die, nor is* Wit *itſelf, whatever we fanſie, Immortal. That Prerogative is only granted to* Piety *and* Virtue, *they are the only Eſtates*

Eſtates which laſt for ever and ever. By theſe are you diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd of the World, the great and the ſmall Vulgar, more than by your Fortunes *and* Honours: *May you ever increaſe in theſe, and conſequently in Happineſs, till both are con-*

consummated in a better World. Towards which, if these mean Papers may be any small Advantage, he has his End, who is

With all Humility

and Respect,

Your Ladyship's

Chaplain and Servant,

SAM. WESLEY.

PREFACE
TO THE
READER.

READER,

I Have but little to ſay concerning this ſmall Preſent which I here make thee. 'Tis ſome Account of the Intervals of my Time, which I wiſh had never been worſe employ'd. There are ſome Paſſages here repreſented which are ſo barren of Circumſtances, that it was not eaſy to make them ſhine in Verſe; tho' neither could they be ſo well omitted, without breaking the Thread of the Hiſtory: As for theſe, I hope that old Excuſe will be allow'd me, *Ornari res ipſa negat*, &c. But there are others where I have more Liberty, wherein it is my own Fault or Misfortune if I have not ſucceeded better.

better. On the whole, if ought that's here may be uſeful to any good Chriſtian, and any ways tend to promote Piety, I ſhall be better pleas'd than if I could have compos'd a Book on any other Subject, worthy to be dedicated in the *Vatican:* For I hope I am got on the right ſide of the World, and am as indifferent to that, as that can be to me; which I have endeavour'd to expreſs in one of *Jerom Vida's*, *Good and pious Prayer's directed ill,* (with which I ſhall take my leave of thee) addreſs'd by him to St. *Stephen* the *Proto-Martyr,* but I have taken the Liberty to turn it to him whom that Saint ſaw *ſtanding on the Right-Hand of God.* The Lines are as follow;

——— *Aſpice præſens,*
Da fraudis ſceleriſque exortem ducere vitam,
Da contemnere opes, & vulgi gaudia, honores,
Et caſto uſque tuis operari pectore Sacris!

Thus imitated.

With Eyes of Pity, Saviour! me ſurvey,
Be preſent to my Vows, and hear me when I pray;

Grant

Grant me a Life from great Offences free,
And ſuch as mayn't diſgrace thy Truths and
Thee:
Give to contemn the Miſer's uſeleſs Store,
And Honours which the cheated World adore!
Pure be my Breaſt from Malice or Deceit,
And thus, thus let me at thy Altars wait;
Till from thy dear-lov'd Temple I remove,
And joyn the happier bliſsful Quire above.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE New Testament,

In Verse with Sculptures.

The GOSPEL *according to St.* Matthew.

CONTENTS referring to the Chapters.

CHRIST's [1] Line and Birth St. *Matthew* first relates,
The Wisemens [2] Off'rings and the Infants Fates:
The Baptist [3] in the Desart cries Repent!
Jesus Baptis'd: The Holy Spirit's Descent.
Christ's Fast [4], Temptation, his Disciples choice;
Fiends and Diseases flie his pow'rful Voice.
His Sermon [5]; Rules for Fasting [6], Alms, and Pray'r;
Of false Foundations [7] next he bids beware.
The Leper [8], Palsy'd [9], Twelve [10]; Christ's Yoke [11] of Ease:
The Sabbath [12], Sower [13]: Christ's Words the Winds [14] appease.
Traditions [15], Loaves [16]; Transfigur'd [17] Christ appears;
Children [18], Divorce [19], Hire [20], Christ [21] Hosanna hears.
The Marriage [22], Scribes [23], Temples [24] and World's Decay:
Christ's glorious [25] Coming at the last Great Day;
Tho' first betray'd [26], for Man's Offence he dies [27],
And does from conquer'd Death the Third glad Morn arise [28].

St. Mat-

St. MATTHEW
the Evangeliſt.

Matth. ix. 9 *And as Jeſus paſſed forth from thence, he ſaw a man named* Matthew, *ſitting at the receit of cuſtom: and he ſaith unto him, Follow me. And he aroſe and followed him.*

Mark ii. 14. Luke v. 27, 28, 29: *And after theſe things he went forth, and ſaw a publican named* Levi, *ſitting at the receit of cuſtom: and he ſaid unto him, Follow me. And he left all, roſe up, and followed him. And* Levi *made him a great feaſt in his own houſe.*

II.

The Genealogy of CHRIST *from* Abraham *to* Joseph.

THE Saviour's Line and Acts these Leaves contain
From *Abraham*'s Stem, and *David*'s fated Reign.
Old *Abr'ham*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, first take Place
From whence the Patriarchs and their sacred Race.
To *Judah*, did fair *Thamar*, *Pharez* bear,
Ezrom was his, and *Aram Ezrom*'s Heir:
Aminadab to *Nashon* did resign,
Salmon his Son, as *Boaz*, *Salmon!* thine.
Obed was his, and *Jesse Obed*'s Son,
His, *David*, who the *Hebrew* Scepter won.
From thence his Line the Sacred Writer brings
To *Babel*'s Chains thro' a long Race of Kings:
To *Joseph* thence, and *Mary*, chast and fair,
Mary, who did the Great *Messiah* bear.
Thrice fourteen Ages lineally descend
From *Abr'ham* down to Christ, whose Kingdom knows no End.

II.

St. MATTH. Chap. I. to Ver. 17.

Verſe 1. *The Book of the Generation of* Jeſus Chriſt, *the Son of* David, *the Son of* Abraham.

2. Abraham *begat* Iſaac, *and* Iſaac *begat* Jacob, *and* Jacob *begat* Judas *and his brethren*, &c.

16. *And* Jacob *begat* Joſeph *the husband of* Mary, *of whom was born Jeſus, who is called* Chriſt.

17. *So all the Generations from* Abraham *to* David, *are fourteen Generations: and from* David *until the carrying away into* Babylon *unto* Chriſt, *are fourteen Generations.*

III.

Christ's Conception and Birth. Joseph *satisfied by an Angel, who interprets the Names of Christ.*

MARY to *Joseph* by firm Contract bound
She of the Holy Ghost is pregnant found.
Yet, Mild and Good, he would not her expose;
Private Divorce, he rather kindly chose:
When loe! an Angel in a Dream appears,
Softens his Cares, and thus dispels his Fears,
Refuse not, O! of *David*'s Royal Line
Thy spotless Spouse in Holy Bonds to joyn,
Her Fame untouch'd, her Burden's all Divine.
From thence, a wondrous Son shall soon proceed,
JESUS his Sacred Name by Heav'n decreed.
Whose mighty Arm shall set his People free
From Sins, and Hell's ignoble Slavery:
He rose, refresh'd, then Heav'ns Commands obey'd
And to his Bosom takes the Sacred Maid:
Preserves unknown, unspotted as before,
Till She the promis'd Prince, the World's Great Saviour bore.

III.

St. Matth. Chap. I. Ver. 17. to the End.

18. *Now the Birth of* Jeſus Chriſt *was on this wiſe*, &c.

20. *But while he thought on theſe things, behold the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, ſaying,* Joſeph *thou Son of* David, *fear not to take unto thee* Mary *thy Wife: for that which is conceived in her, is of the* Holy Ghoſt.

21. *And ſhe ſhall bring forth a Son, and thou ſhalt call his name* Jeſus; *for he ſhall ſave his people from their ſins.*

IV.

Wise men directed to Christ by a Star, worship and offer presents.

A Radiant Star whose kind and friendly Beams
Against *Judea* dart their golden Streams.
Three Eastern *Magi* from their Country brings;
Wise-Men they were, or at the *least* were *Kings*.
Their Royal Presents in their Hands behold,
The Sun's rich Birth, Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold:
With these the Monarch of both Worlds they meet,
These and themselves they prostrate at his Feet.
Thus were fulfill'd those weighty Truths foretold
In mystic, Holy Oracles of old:
That *Jacob*'s Star should in the Orient rise,
And with amazing Splendor gild the Skys;
Whence Kings shou'd to his rising Brightness flow,
Sabean Odours round his Altars throw;
Exhaust their Treasures to increase his Store,
And bent profound to Earth the King of Kings adore.

IV.

St. Matth. II. to Ver. 12.

1. *Behold, there came Wiſe-men from the Eaſt to* Jeruſalem,

2. *Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have ſeen his Star in the Eaſt, and are come to worſhip him,* &c.

10. *When they ſaw the Star, they rejoyced with exceeding great joy.*

11. *And when they were come into the houſe, they ſaw the young Child with* Mary *his Mother, and fell down, and worſhipped him: and when they had opened their Treaſures, they preſented unto him Gifts; Gold, and Frankincenſe, and Myrrh.*

V.

V.

The Flight of Joseph *and* Mary *into* Egypt.

THE Royal Strangers now divinely warn'd
Herod avoid, and privately return'd:
Agen an Angel is to *Joseph* sent
The Heav'n-born Infant's Murder to prevent:
" Sleep'st thou, O Son of *David!* (thus he said)
" When worse than Death is hov'ring o'er thy Head?
" Thy Sacred Charge by *Herod*'s Cruelty
" And jealous Rage already doom'd to dye:
" So he decrees, but so decrees not Fate,
" Which gives his threaten'd Life a longer Date:
" Then rise and flee, to *Egypt* flee with speed,
" The Means by Heav'n as well as End decreed;
" There till the Tyrant's Death a Refuge chuse,
" Nor long before I bring the welcome News.
He rose, he fled, he bore his Charge away,
And robb'd the murd'rous King of his expected Prey.

V.

St. Matth. II. Ver. 13, 14, 15.

13. *The Angel of the Lord appeared to* Joſeph *in a Dream, ſaying, Ariſe and take the young Child and his Mother, and flee into* Egypt, *and be thou there until I bring thee word: for* Herod *will ſeek the young Child to deſtroy him.*

14. *When he aroſe, he took the young Child and his Mother by night, and departed into* Egypt,

15. *And was there until the death of* Herod: *that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken of the Lord by the Prophet, ſaying, Out of* Egypt *have I called my Son.*

VI.

Herod's *Anger, and the Slaughter of the Innocents.*

WHen the fierce King the *Magi* did deceive,
And unreſolv'd his curious Malice leave;
Nor ſhall he 'ſcape my Sword, enrag'd he cry'd,
Tho' all his Angels warding by his Side:
Nor unattended ſhall he go, for all
The Infants with their Childiſh Prince ſhall fall:
Let *Bethlehem* mourn! Haſte! Haſte, my Guards, he cries,
If one eſcapes with Life, who ſpares him dies.
Too ſoon his bloody Miniſters obey,
Nor moves ill Fate it ſelf more ſwift than they.
The Mothers Shreeks, th' expiring Infants Groans,
Who broach'd on Spears, or paſh'd againſt the Stones,
Or whelm'd in Waves reſign their tender Breath,
Form the laſt Image of Deſpair, and Death.
Thus *Rachel* did her Childrens Loſs deplore:
They're gone, for ever gone, and Joy is now no more.

VI.

St. Matth. II. Ver. 16, 17, 18.

16. *Then* Herod *when he ſaw he was mocked of the Wiſe-men, was exceeding wroth, and ſent forth and ſlew all the Children that were in* Bethlehem, *and in all the Coaſts thereof, from two years old and under, according to the time which he had diligently enquired of the Wiſe-men.*

17. *Then was fulfilled that which was ſpoken by* Jeremy *the Prophet, ſaying,*

18. *In* Rama *was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning,* Rachel *weeping for her Children, and would not be comforted, becauſe they are not.*

VII.

VII.

The Preaching of St. John *the Baptiſt; his Apparel and Diet.*

THro' *Judah*'s fertile Wild the Baptiſt came,
And the *Meſſiah*'s Kingdom did proclaim;
He comes, he comes, prepare! aloud he cry'd,
Fill every Vale, low'r every Mountain's Pride.
Severe the Preacher's Garb, his Mien, his Food,
As on the Rivage of fair *Jordan*'s Flood,
Encompaſs'd with admiring Crowds he ſtood.
Thy lofty Turrets, *Salem!* they forſake,
Deſarts of Towns, of Fields they Cities make.
On *Jordan*'s verdant Bank, thick Cluſters ſtand,
As when of old they ſeiz'd the Promis'd Land,
Trampling the Earth, and blackning all the Strand.
Their Sins no more defended, or diſguis'd,
They're in the Conſecrated Stream baptis'd:
Thus purg'd from many a long-contracted Stain,
And thus prepar'd to meet th' approaching Saviour's Reign.

VII.

St. MATTH. III. to Ver. 6.

1. *In thoſe days came* John *the Baptiſt, preaching in the Wilderneſs of* Judea,

2. *And ſaying, Repent ye: for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,* &c.

4. *And the ſame* John *had his raiment of Camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loyns; and his meat was locuſts and wild honey.*

5. *Then went out to him* Jeruſalem, *and all* Judea, *and all the Region round about* Jordan,

6. *And were baptiſed of him in* Jordan, *confeſſing their ſins.*

VIII.

Our Saviour baptiſed in Jordan, *and acknowledg'd from above.*

TO *John* at *Jordan* Jeſus came, and preſs'd
To be himſelf Baptis'd among the reſt:
Trembling the Baptiſt did at firſt refuſe,
Unworthy he who ſhou'd his Sandals looſe;
Till thus our Saviour— 'tis the Father's Will,
That thus we ſhou'd all Righteouſneſs fulfil.
He ſtrait obeys, when loe the Heav'ns divide,
Whoſe azure Gates unfolding deep and wide
Diſcloſe a Dove, as Light, or Beauty fair,
On Silver Pinions wafted thro' the Air,
Which circling down their plumy Honours ſpread
Gently incumbent o'er the Saviour's Head:
When loe a Voice as rolling Thunder loud
Breaks from the Boſom of the ſhining Cloud.

"*THIS IS MY SON BELOV'D, ATTEND WITH AWFUL FEAR!*
"*IN HIM I'M PLEAS'D WITH MAN, LET MAN HIS SAVIOUR HEAR.*

VIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. III. from Ver. 13. to the End.

13. *Then cometh* Jeſus *from* Galilee *to* Jordan *unto* John, *to be baptiſed of him.*

14. *But* John *forbad him, ſaying, I have need,* &c.

16. *And* Jeſus, *when he was baptiſed, went up ſtraightway out of the water: and lo, the Heavens were opened unto him, and he ſaw the Spirit of God deſcending like a Dove, and lighting upon him.*

17. *And lo, a voice from Heaven, ſaying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleaſed.*

IX.

Jesus tempted of the Devil.

NOW Jesus by the sacred Spirit led
A Glorious Hermit to the Desart fled:
Him Hunger first, the Tempter then assail,
In hopes or'e weakn'd Nature to prevail:
If thou th' Eternal Son of God, he said,
Exert thy Power, and bid these Stones be Bread!
Repuls'd, he to the Temple Roof did bear
Our patient Lord, and thus accost him there:
If thou the Son of God, leap fearless hence,
Thy Father's Angels will be thy defence:
Still baffled, still he urg'd his curs'd Design,
Do but adore me, all the World is thine.
Our Saviour thus, Tempter blaspheme no more!
'Tis writ, The Lord thy God alone adore!
As Thunder-struck he fled, this answer giv'n,
And in his room attend their Lord, the Host of Heaven.

IX.

St. MATTH. Chap. IV. Ver. 1, 2, &c.

1. *Then was Jeſus led up of the ſpirit into the wilderneſs, to be tempted of the devil.*

2. *And when he had faſted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards an hungred.*

3. *And when the tempter came to him, he ſaid, If thou be the Son of God, command that theſe ſtones be made bread.*

4. *But he anſwered and ſaid, It is written, man ſhall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, &c.*

X.

Simon Peter, Andrew, James *and* John *call'd to be Diſciples.*

THro' *Galilee*'s dark Regions next he goes
And Seeds of Light and heav'nly Wiſdom ſows.
Repent, repent! thus did the Saviour cry,
The Promis'd Reign and future World is nigh:
And while he preaching did his Progreſs take
By fair *Gennezareth*'s extended Lake,
Two Fiſhers on their poor Employ intent
Equally Ignorant and Innocent.
He ſees, and beckning calls, this *Andrew* nam'd,
That *Simon*, more in ſacred Story fam'd:
Next the two Sons of *Zebedee* he ſaw
On the broad Lake, who ſtruck with ſacred Awe,
And drawn by Cords of Love at his Command,
Leap from their Bark, and print the yielding Sand:
Such was the Train that form'd his humble State,
Such Courtiers did upon the King of Glory wait.

X.

St. MATTH. Chap. IV. Ver. 15, 16, 17, 18, &c.

10.

18. *And Jeſus walking by the ſea of* Galilee, *ſaw two brethren,* Simon *called* Peter, *and* Andrew *his brother, caſting a net into the ſea: (for they were fiſhers)*

19. *And he ſaid unto them, Follow me, and I will make ye fiſhers of men,* &c.

22. *And they immediately left the ſhip and their father, and followed him.*

XI.

The Sermon on the Mount, or, the Beatitudes.

AND now unnumber'd Crowds together draw,
To whom he thus unfolds his ſacred Law.
Thrice bleſs'd the Poor in Spirit he firſt declares,
A glorious Heav'nly Kingdom ſhall be theirs.
Bleſs'd are thoſe Mourners who their Sins confeſs,
Nor will I leave thoſe Mourners comfortleſs.
Bleſs'd are the Meek, who ſure Rewards ſhall gain,
In the New Earth and Heav'n ſhall with me reign.
Bleſs'd all who after Righteouſneſs aſpire,
For Heav'n will fill thir moſt enlarg'd deſire.
Bleſs'd are the Merciful, the Mild, the Kind,
Who when they need themſelves, ſhall Mercy find.
Bleſs'd are the Pure in Heart, for they ſhall ſee
Th' Eternal Beatific Purity,
Bleſs'd are their Names who make all Diſcord ceaſe,
The genuine Sons of him who is the God of Peace,

XI.

St. MATTH. Ch. V. Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

11.

3. *Bleſſed are the poor in ſpirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

4. *Bleſſed are they that mourn: for they ſhall be comforted.*

5. *Bleſſed are the meek: for they ſhall inherit the earth,* &c.

8. *Bleſſed are the pure in heart: for they ſhall ſee God.*

9. *Bleſſed are the peace-makers: for they ſhall be called the children of God.*

XII.

Bleſſing on ſuch as ſuffer in the Cauſe of Religion.

BUT, (he goes on) thoſe above all the reſt,
Who ſuffer in fair Virtue's Cauſe, are Bleſs'd:
Thrice bleſs'd are ye when ſcorn'd, blaſphem'd, revil'd,
The baſeſt, worſt of Men eſteem'd and ſtil'd,
You know your Friend, for whom you undergo
The worſt of Scandals, your reward you know.
Let boundleſs Joy your raviſh'd Hearts poſſeſs:
Indulge it here, for here is no Exceſs.
See yonder glorious Hoſt, not far before,
Who once unmov'd the ſame Afflictions bore;
How pleas'd! how bright! of endleſs Palms poſſeſs'd
In *Abraham*'s Boſom they ſecurely reſt:
Their never-fading Laurels you ſhall ſhare,
Companions in the Triumph, as in War:
For light Afflictions weighty Bliſs ſhall gain,
Crown'd with no vulgar Stars in endleſs Glory reign.

XII.

St. MATTH. Chap. V. Ver. 10, 11, 12.

12.

10. *Bleſſed are they which are perſecuted for righteouſneſs ſake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

11. *Bleſſed are ye when men ſhall revile you, and perſecute you, and ſhall ſay all manner of evil againſt you falſly for my ſake.*

12. *Rejoyce, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for ſo perſecuted they the Prophets which were before you.*

XIII.

Brotherly Love and Forgiveneſs enjoyn'd and directed.

NExt learn the Rules for Sacrifice and Pray'r.
If to the Temple thou with gifts repair
Unreconcil'd expect no audience there!
Propitiate firſt thy Brother, elſe in vain
From Heav'n thou doſt acceptance hope to gain.
Forgive, forgiv'n! yourſelves my Followers prove;
Melt Curſes down with Pray'rs, and Hate with Love!
Your Great Exemplar, make that Love divine
Whoſe fruitful Show'rs ſtill fall, whoſe Sun does ſhine
On Good and Bad Promiſcuous: thus you'll be
As far as ſuits with weak Humanity
Above the World, and Perfect ev'n as he.
Secret your Alms and pious Pray'rs, and known
To him, who ſees and will reward, alone;
Who all things does thro' ſecret Shades ſurvey,
As in the open Light, and blazing Noon of Day.

XIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. V. Ver. 23, 24.

23. *If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembreſt that thy brother hath ought againſt thee;*

24. *Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, firſt be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*

XIV.

The cenſorious Sinner.

TO Judge another let not Man preſume,
As he'd have Mercy at the laſt Great Doom:
What rigid Meaſure you to others give
Preſs'd down and running o're you ſhall receive.
Why ſo exact and nice, fond Mortal! why
To find ſmall Motes within thy Brother's Eye,
Tho' Beams within thy own thou canſt not ſpy?
Baſe Hypocrite! firſt mend thy ſelf, and then
Thou'lt clearly ſee the Faults of other Men.
Nor yet is he cenſorious who the Root
Does juſtly argue from the vitious Fruit.
The churliſh Thiſtle cannot Figs produce,
Nor yield harſh Thorns the Grapes reviving Juice:
Nor ſcapes that Tree the Planter's hope deceives,
For gen'rous Fruit producing nought but Leaves:
The Ax is rais'd, its dreadful Fall is nigh,
The unconſuming Food of Flames that never die.

XIV.

St. MATTH. Chap. VII. Ver. 3, 4, 5.

14.

3. *Why beholdeſt thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but conſidereſt not the beam that is in thine own eye?*

4. *Or how wilt thou ſay to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye?*

5. *Thou hypocrite, firſt caſt out the beam out of thine own eye; and then ſhalt thou ſee clearly to caſt out the mote out of thy brother's eye.*

XV.

XV.

The ſtrait and narrow, with the broad and wide Way.

TWO Paths there are thro' which all Mortals go,
This leads to Bliſs, and that to endleſs Wo;
The Way that leads to Miſery is broad,
A ſmooth, a pleaſing, and a flowry Road:
With Company 'tis crowded every where,
The Rich, the Gay, the Witty, and the Fair.
Ah fondly-blinded, whither will they run!
Why in ſuch headlong-haſte to be undone!
See, how they preſs Death's ample Gates to win!
How heedleſs of the Flames that glare within!
There is another unfrequented Way,
Leads to the Confines of Eternal Day;
Thorny and ſtrait, yet as thou farther go,
'Twill ſtill more eaſy, more delightful grow:
To paſs this narrow Gate no Labour ſpare,
For Heav'n and Holy Souls, and God himſelf is there.

XV.

St. MATTH. Chap. VII. Ver. 13, 14.

13. *Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be which go in thereat:*

14. *Becauſe ſtrait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

XVI.

The Wiſe and the Fooliſh Builders.

WHO hears attentive and my Word obeys,
He's like the Man that firm Foundations lays
On a ſtrong Rock, whoſe Building ſtorms defies,
Tho' Rain deſcends, and angry Billows riſe.
But who at Wiſdom's ſacred Gates appears,
And hears the Word of Life, but only hears,
Shall to that fooliſh Builder be compar'd,
Who with vaſt Coſt, a ſtately Palace rear'd.
Fair to the Sight, and towring to the Sky,
But on looſe Sands its faithleſs Walls rely.
See how the Heav'ns with Clouds and Tempeſts frown!
What Cataracts of Rain come pouring down!
How fell the muſtring Waves! how high they flow,
And ſap the falſe Foundations from below;
Till with a Crack the Walls come tumbling o're,
And ſpread the faithleſs Sands whereon they ſtood before.

XVI.

St. MATTH. Chap. VII. Ver. 24, 25, 26, 27.

24. *I will liken him unto a wiſe man, which built his houſe upon a rock.*

25. *And the rain deſcended, &c.*

26. *And every one that heareth theſe ſayings of mine, and doth them not, ſhall be likened to a fooliſh man, which built his houſe upon the ſand:*

27. *And the rain deſcended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that houſe: and it fell, and great was the fall of it.*

XVII.

Chriſt cleanſes the Leper.

FRom the green Hill deſcending, compaſs'd round
With wondring Crowds, a Leprous Wretch he found
All cruſted o're with Ulcers, on the Ground:
With Eyes dejected, ſcarcely rais'd his Head,
And Voice ſubmiſs, he to our Saviour ſaid.
O! if a Wretch like me may ſue and ſpeed,
(Tho' none than me had ever greater need.)
Since, Lord! to Will and Do's the ſame with Thee,
Regard my Pray'r, and heal my Leproſie:
Our Saviour with mild Pity in his Eyes,
Unto the Miſerable thus replies:
Thy Faith hath conquer'd, and thy Grant is ſeal'd,
I Firm thy pious Pray'r. Be cleans'd and heal'd!
His pow'rful Word and Touch to Health reſtore,
His Fleſh return'd as firm and beauteous as before.

XVII.

St. MATTH. Chap. VIII. Ver. 2, 3, 4.

17.

2. ——*there came a leper, and worſhipped him, ſaying, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean.*

3. *And Jeſus put forth his hand, and touched him, ſaying, I will, be thou clean. And immediately his leproſie was cleanſed.*

4 *And Jeſus ſaith unto him, See thou tell no man, but go thy way, ſhew thy ſelf to the prieſt, and offer the gift that* Moſes *commanded, for a teſtimony unto them.*

XVIII.

The Centurion's Servant heal'd of the Palſie.

A Brave Centurion next our Lord addreſs'd,
Whoſe Servant with the Palſie lay oppreſs'd:
To whom he thus--- Thou haſt not ask'd in vain;
My ſelf I'll come, and ſoon remove his Pain:
When He--- I'm far unworthy ſuch a Grace,
A Sinner of the Gentiles hopeleſs Race.
Speak and 'tis done, for thus at thy Command
My Souldiers march, retreat, advance, or ſtand.
With pleaſing wonder thus our Lord rejoyn'd,
Such Faith in *Iſrael*, yet I ne're could find.
But many a Gentile ſhall the Kingdom gain,
In Bliſs and Light with all the Patriarchs reign;
While in the diſmal Realms of Night and Pain,
Shall *Abraham*'s miſcall'd Offspring be confin'd:
For thee, thy Faith has won, thy Suit is ſign'd,
Thy Servant lives---O'rejoy'd he went, and found
The ſick reſtor'd to Health, the Paralytic ſound.

XVIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. VIII. Ver. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

5. *And when Jeſus was entred into* Capernaum, *there came unto him a centurion, beſeeching him,*

6. *And ſaying, Lord, my ſervant lieth at home ſick of the palſie, grievouſly tormented, &c.*

12. *And Jeſus ſaid unto the centurion, Go thy way, and as thou haſt believed, ſo be it done unto thee. And his ſervant was healed in the ſelf-ſame hour.*

XIX.

The Tempeſt ſtill'd by his Rebuke.

THE Saviour now a Voy'ge is pleas'd to make,
Royal *Tiberias!* o're thy fiſhful Lake
With his lov'd Twelve, when loe! a Storm aroſe,
And every Wave their feeble Bark o'reflows;
While he, whom Sins nor Cares did waking keep,
In their ſmall Cabin did ſecurely ſleep:
They run and wake him with the Tempeſt toſs'd,
O Maſter! help us! or we all are loſt.
He roſe and did their ſinking Veſſel ſave
Firſt, them rebuk'd, and then the riſing Wave.
O weak in Faith! what meant this cauſleſs Fear?
What Danger can there be when I am here?
Then calms the Winds and Surges with his Word,
For Nature knew him, and obey'd her Lord:
To well-known Caves the trembling Tempeſts creep,
And Waves to Dimples turn'd, adorn the ſmiling Deep.

XIX.

St. MATTH. Ch. VIII. Ver. 24, 25, 26.

19.

24. *And behold, there aroſe a great tempeſt in the ſea, inſomuch that the ſhip was covered with the waves: but he was aſleep.*

25. *And his diſciples came to him, and awoke him, ſaying, Lord, ſave us: we periſh.*

26. *And he ſaith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he aroſe and rebuked the winds and the ſea, and there was a great calm.*

XX.

A ſecond Paralytick heal'd.

WHen Fame had ſpred the Palſy'd Servant's eaſe,
Another lingring of the ſame Diſeaſe,
Thro' the uncover'd Roof his Friends convey,
And at the Feet of Jeſus humbly lay:
Pleas'd with their Faith he ſaid; Thy Sin's forgiv'n.
I looſe on Earth, and thou art loos'd in Heav'n:
What bold Blaſphemer this that pardons Sin?
Murmur'd the Scribes, with Rancor gall'd within;
Yet dare not to the World their Thoughts expreſs,
When he who knows the ſecret Soul no leſs
Than broadeſt Actions others, thus reply'd,
And juſtly checkt their Malice and their Pride:
Since Falſhood ne're by Miracle was ſeal'd,
See, my Credentials! Man! ariſe! be heal'd!
He roſe to Health and vig'rous Strength, and bore
The uſeleſs Couch away which him ſuſtain'd before.

XX.

St. Matth. Chap. IX. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

2. *Behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsie, lying on a Bed: and Jesus seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsie, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee, &c.*

7. *And he arose, and departed to his house.*

8. *But when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.*

XXI.

XXI.

St. Matthew *call'd to the Apoſtleſhip.*

A Stately Mole near rich *Capernaum* lay,
To bridle and ſecure the neighb'ring Bay:
Fronting the Lake a noble Palace ſtood,
Marble the Stones, and Cedar all the Wood;
The Burſe of *Galilee*, which cou'd contain,
The different Nations thither drawn by gain,
Who Cuſtom pay for what their Veſſels bear,
Nor durſt unload their Freight till entred there.
This Poſt, of equal Honour, Truſt, and Gain,
Rich *Levi* did by Friends at Court obtain.
As in his Office there he ſat, and told
The glittring heaps of all-commanding Gold,
Drams, Shekels, Talents, him our Lord did ſee,
And kindly thus accoſts him— Follow me!
Struck with his Words he runs without delay,
The World has nothing now to Bribe his ſtay.
" O! may we imitate his happy Choice,
" Like him, O Son of God! obey thy Voice!
" So ſhall we Treaſures in the Heav'ns ſecure,
" Which far beyond the reach of Time or Age endure.

XXI.

St. MATTH. Chap. IX. Ver. 9.

9. *And as Jeſus paſſed forth from thence, he ſaw a man named* Matthew, *ſitting at the receit of cuſtom: and he ſaith unto him,* Follow me. *And he aroſe, and followed him.*

XXII.

XXII.

The Daughter of Jairus *raised to Life.*

Jairus, a Ruler, next to Jeſus ran,
Fell at his Feet, and thus with Tears began.
My only Daughter ſtruggling lies for Breath,
And Labours in the Agonies of Death:
Yet on her lay thy Hands, I ask no more,
Thy ſacred Hands will Health and Life reſtore.
Mov'd with his pious Pray'rs he went and found
The Muſick with a ſlow and ſolemn Sound;
The loud Laments for her untimely Fate,
Declaring ev'n his Help was now too late.
Piercing the mournful Crowd--- Give place he cries,
The Maid's not Dead, but only ſlumbring lies.
With ſcornful Smiles they go; he bids her riſe:
She roſe, he to her Friends reſtor'd the Maid,
And Fame thro' all the Land the wondrous News convey'd.

XXII.

St. MATTH. Chap. IX. Ver. 18. 23, to 25.

18. *There came a certain ruler, and worſhipped him, ſaying, My daughter is even now dead: but come and lay thy hand upon her, and ſhe ſhall live.*

23. *And when Jeſus came to the ruler's houſe, and ſaw the miſtreſs and the people making a noiſe,*

24 *He ſaid unto them, Give place, for the maid is not dead, but ſleepeth. And they laughed him to ſcorn.*

25. *But when the people were put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid aroſe.*

XXIII.

XXIII.

The dumb Devil caſt out.

SOme ſullen *Dæmon* did a Wretch invade,
And ſtruck him dumb, to Jeſus brought for Aid.
With Eyes of Pity firſt he him ſurvey'd,
Then bids the Fiend diſlodge, who dares not ſtay,
But murm'ring and reluctant glides away:
The Patient freed from his Infernal Gueſt,
His Great Phyſician's Pow'r aloud confeſs'd;
Thoſe who from the adjacent Regions came,
Attracted by the heav'nly Healer's Fame.
When all the Works of this Great Day they ſaw,
Pregnant of Miracles, with ſacred Awe
And ſtrange Amazement ſeiz'd, they freely own,
The like in *Iſrael* ne're before was known.
Not all th' Inſpir'd, who their Forefathers taught,
Not mighty *Moſes*'s ſelf ſo many Wonders wrought.

XXIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. IX. Ver. 32, 33.

32. *And as they went out, behold, they brought to him a dumb man poſſeſſed with a devil.*

33. *And when the devil was caſt out, the dumb ſpake: and the multitudes marvelled, ſaying, It was never ſo ſeen in* Iſrael.

XXIV.

The Miſſion of the twelve Apoſtles, to teach and do Miracles.

NOW Jeſus call'd his choſen twelve, and ſent
To every Place before him where he went:
To their Commiſſion, Miracles the Seal,
He bids 'em raiſe the Dead, *Demoniacs* heal,
The Goſpel preach; as freely they receive,
So all again with generous Bounty give.
Yet not refuſe what Nature did require,
The Workman ſure does well deſerve his Hire.
But where with Scorn or Negligence they meet,
He bids 'em ſhake the Duſt from off their Feet.
A dreadful Sign to thoſe who ſtill refuſe
The proffer'd Grace, their own Damnation chuſe;
Curſt *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*'s Towns which fell,
Thro' Gulfs of liquid Fire from Earth to Hell;
Adjudg'd to a far milder Doom than they,
More temp'rate Flames at the laſt Great Deciſive Day.

XXIV.

St. MATTH. Chap. X. Ver. 5, to 15.

5. *Theſe twelve Jeſus ſent forth, and commanded them ſaying, Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the* Samaritans *enter ye not.*

6. *But go rather to the loſt ſheep of the houſe of* Iſrael.

7. *And as ye go, preach, ſaying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand, &c.*

15. *Verily I ſay unto you, It ſhall be more tolerable for the land of* Sodom *and* Gomorrha, *in the day of judgment, than for that city.*

XXV.

The Parable of the Sower and the Tares.

NOW he in lively Parables expreſs'd
His ſacred Law, in this among the reſt.
A Sower went to ſow his fertile Land,
And ſpread choice Seed abroad with liberal Hand;
But while his Servants ſlept, an envious Foe,
Unhappy Tares among the Wheat did ſow:
Together they, a dubious Crop, ariſe,
The angry Servants ſaw, and ſtrait adviſe
To weed the Field: the wiſer Lord replies,
So may the Wheat for Tares be caſt away:
No--- both ſhall ſtand till the Great Harveſt Day,
Then ſhall the Reapers in my Garners lay,
Ne're to be blended more, the precious Seed,
The Tares in bundles bound, the Flame ſhall feed.
The Field's the World, the Tares reſerv'd for Fire,
Th' accurſed Children of a wicked Sire,
Sworn Foe to God and Man, and miſchiefs Friend;
The Harveſt is the World's approaching End:
Then ſhall the Unjuſt be divin'd to endleſs Night,
Then ſhall the Juſt out-ſhine the Sun's meridian Light.

XXV.

St. Matth. Chap. XIII. Ver. 39, 40, 41, 42.

39. *The harveſt is the end of the world: and the*
pers are the angels.
40. *As therefore the tares are gathered and burnt*
he fire; ſo ſhall it be in the end of this world.
41. *The Son of man ſhall ſend forth his Angels,*
they ſhall gather out of his kingdom all things
offend, and them which do iniquity;
42. *And ſhall caſt them into a furnace of fire:*
ſhall be wailing and gnaſhing of teeth.

XXVI.

The Decollation of St. John *the Baptiſt.*

THE Baptiſt at his Life's expence reproves
Herod the King, for his inceſtuous Loves;
Impriſon'd firſt, till Feſtal Pomps proclaim
The Tyrant's Birth, when all his Nobles came
To Hail the happy Day, nor wanted there
Herodias ſelf, that falſe revengeful Fair.
Her Daughter with her, Ah! too like her, came,
The lawleſs Birth of a forbidden Flame.
Dancing and Royal Muſic cloſes all,
And young *Herodias* ſtill out-ſhines the Ball.
Extravagantly pleas'd, the Tyrant cry'd,
What e're ſhe ask'd, ſhe ſhould not be deny'd.
Taught by her Mother, ſhe reſolves too ſoon,
The rev'rend Baptiſt's Head, her impious Boon:
Dropping with Gore, 'tis in a Charger laid,
Which to her Mother, ſhe with barb'rous Joy
convey'd.

XXVI.

St. MATTH. Chap. XIV. Ver. 3, to 11.

26.

3. Herod *had laid hold on* John, *and bound him, and put him in priſon for* Herodias *ſake, his brother* Philip's *wife.*

4. *For* John *ſaid unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her,* &c.

10. *And he ſent and beheaded* John *in the priſon.*

11. *And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damſel: and ſhe brought it to her mother.*

XXVII.

The Miracle of the five Loaves and two Fishes.

NOW to the Desart Jesus did repair,
And sought in vain a calm Retirement there;
For soon unnumber'd Crowds together draw,
To see his Works, and hear his sacred Law.
Till dewy Evening came attent they stay'd,
When with Compassion them our Lord survey'd;
And bids th' Apostles for his Guests prepare;
Amaz'd they ask their Master— Whence and where?
Five Loaves and two small Fishes all their store
For num'rous Thousands— 'Tis enough, and more
Our Lord replies, these in his Hands did take,
Then looking up to Heav'n he Bless'd, and brake,
Which to the multitude the Twelve divide,
Till all their Hunger largely was supply'd.
Five thousand Souls the wondrous Feast sustain'd,
Yet Twelve large Baskets-full of broken Food remain'd.

XXVII.

St. Matth. Chap. XIV. Ver. 19, 20, 21.

27.

19. *He commanded the multitude to ſit down on the graſs, and took the five loaves, and the two fiſhes, and looking up to heaven, he bleſſed, and brake, and gave to his diſciples, and his diſciples to the multitude.*

20. *And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the fragments that remained, twelve baskets full.*

21. *And they that had eaten were about five thouſand men, beſide women and children.*

XXVIII.

Christ walking on the Sea saves St. Peter *sinking.*

IT was a dismal and tempestuous Night,
No cheerful Stars afford their friendly Light;
When cross the Lake the Twelve directly bore,
Their Master left behind 'em on the Shore:
Their Pilot absent, they with Waves are tost,
All Marks of Land, and Hopes of Safety lost.

And now the solemn Dead of Night was near,
When restless Shades, and guilty Ghosts appear,
When lo a Shape which struck 'em all with Fear,
Approach'd the Bark, they raise a dreadful cry,
A Ghost they thought it, till our Lord--- 'Tis I.
Him, *Peter* first discern'd, and bold and brave,
Leapt fearless down, and trod the boistrous Wave,
But sinking, cry'd, at last, O Master save!
He did, but did his want of Faith upbraid,
Then to the Ship in safety him convey'd:
They shoot away, the Winds oppos'd no more,
And in a Moment reach *Capern'um*'s welcom Shore.

XXVIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XIV. Ver. 29, 30, 31.

28.

29. *And when* Peter *was come down out of the ſhip, he walked on the water, to go to Jeſus.*

30. *But when he ſaw the wind boiſtrous, he was afraid: and beginning to ſink, he cried, ſaying,* Lord, *ſave me.*

31. *And immediately Jeſus ſtretched forth his hand, and caught him, and ſaid unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didſt thou doubt?*

XXIX.

XXIX.

The Scribes *and* Phariſees *reprov'd for their Traditions.*

THE captious *Scribes* and *Phariſees* came down,
T' accoſt our Lord from *Salem*'s ſacred Town;
Tempting, they ask— Why he'd their Laws deſpiſe,
And eat with Hands unwaſh'd?— he thus replies;
Nay rather, Why by your Traditions vain,
Do you the Sacred Laws of God profane?
For God's Command our Parents bids obey
On pain of Death, but your Traditions ſay,
Who e're to *Corban* does his Subſtance give,
He need no more his aged Sire relieve.
In vain you wou'd unwary Minds beguile,
Meats cannot reach the Soul, or that defile:
Adult'ries, Murders, all are from within,
The Heart retains the ſecret Seeds of Sin.
But O ye blinded Leaders of the Blind,
In vain you hope the Ways of Life to find:
Into the Pit of Pain you all ſhall ſlide,
The wilfully-miſled with their unfaithful Guide.

XXIX.

St. MATTH. Chap. XV. Ver. 1, to 20.

29.

1. *Then came to Jeſus, Scribes and Phariſees, which were of* Jeruſalem, *ſaying,*

2. *Why do thy diſciples tranſgreſs the tradition of the elders? for they waſh not their hands when they eat bread.*

3. *But he anſwered and ſaid unto them, Why do you alſo tranſgreſs the commandment of God by your tradition?* &c.

XXX.

The Canaanites *Daughter diſpoſſeſt of a Devil.*

AS Jeſus walk'd by *Sidon*'s winding Shore,
A *Syrian* Woman did his Aid implore;
Vex'd by a Fiend, whoſe only Daughter lay
In grievous Pains; our Saviour turns away,
To her Petition not a word replys;
She follows ſtill with Tears, and louder Cries,
O Son of *David* help!--- The Twelve implore
He'd let her perſecute their Ears no more:
To the loſt Sheep of *Iſrael* am I come,
Our Lord returns, to guide their wand'rers home;
Nor can you think it meet the Dogs be fed,
(A Race impure and vile) with Childrens Bread.
Nor dare my humble Wiſhes aim ſo high,
The Woman did again with Tears reply;
Yet may the Dogs the falling Crumbs receive,
And eat the broken Meat the Children leave.
Vanquiſh'd at length, with Smiles rejoyn'd our Lord,
Great is thy Faith, and Great be thy Reward!
Make thy own Terms!--- She went, and on the Bed
Her Daughter found compos'd, the angry *Dæmon* fled.

XXX.

St. MATTH. Chap. XV. Ver. 22, to 28.

22. *A woman of* Canaan *came out of the ſame coaſts, and cried unto him, ſaying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of* David; *my daughter is grievouſly vexed with a devil,* &c.

28. *Then Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto her, O woman great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.*

XXXI.

XXXI.

Four Thouſand fed with ſeven Loaves and a few Fiſhes.

AGain the Multitude to Jeſus come,
And with 'em crowd the Blind, the Lame, the Dumb.
Theſe to the Great Phyſician's Feet they brought,
As on a verdant Mountain's ſide he taught;
From whence he might with eaſe a Proſpect take
Of *Jordan* gliding thro' the Neighb'ring Lake:
Nor one return'd unheal'd, but found relief
For each invet'rate Pain, and hopeleſs Grief:
Thrice did the Sun o're *Hermon*'s Cliffs aſpire,
And thrice beneath the Weſtern Waves retire;
Yet ſtill attentive to his Words they ſtood,
Tho' ſpent and fainting now for want of Food.
Again our Saviour them with Wonders fed,
A few ſmall Fiſhes, and ſeven Loaves of Bread.
Four thouſand Souls the heav'nly Feaſt ſuſtain'd,
Yet ſeven large Baskets-full of broken Food remain'd.

XXXI.

St. Matth. Chap. XV. Vet. 36, 37, 38.

36. *And he took the ſeven loaves, and the fiſhes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to his diſciples, and the diſciples to the multitude.*

37. *And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left, ſeven baskets full.*

38. *And they that did eat, were four thouſand men, beſide women and children.*

XXXII.

Various Opinions of Chriſt. Peter's *Confeſſion.*

AND now from Noiſe and Company retir'd
Our Saviour of his choſen Twelve enquir'd;
What Thoughts of him the People entertain?
They anſwer-- Some, that *John*'s reviv'd again:
Elias ſome, and others think they ſee
The Soul of *Jeremias* breath in Thee.
But fervent *Cephas* boldly-- Thee we own
The Chriſt of God, th' Eternal Father's Son.
To whom our Lord--- *Barjonas!* thou art bleſs'd,
Who early haſt this noble Truth confeſs'd.
Thou by thy heav'nly Father this wert taught,
And far beyond the School of Nature brought:
This Faith the Rock whoſe Strength ſhall ſtill excel,
My Church unmov'd by all the Powers of Hell.
As they to me by my Great Father giv'n,
To thee and theſe I give the Keys of Heav'n:
What here you looſe, your Sentence I approve,
What here you juſtly bind, my Father binds above.

XXXII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XVI. Ver. 18, 19.

18. *Jeſus ſaid unto him,* Thou art Peter, *and upon this rock I will build my Church: and the gates of hell ſhall not prevail againſt it.*

19. *And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatſoever thou ſhalt bind on earth, ſhall be bound in heaven: and whatſoever thou ſhalt looſe on earth, ſhall be looſed in heaven.*

XXXIII.

The Transfiguration of our Saviour.

CEphas and Zebedee's two Sons he choſe,
And to the flowry Top of *Tabor* goes;
Where ſoon with radiant Flames his Temples ſhine,
Larger his Form appear'd and all-divine.
The Sun enthron'd in his Meridian height,
Did ne're around him ſhoot ſo fair a Light.
Moſes and Great *Elias* both deſcend,
And at an awful Diſtance him attend;
What they had learnt among the Bleſs'd explain,
His wond'rous Paſſions, and his glorious Reign.
Such Splendor the Diſciples cou'd not bear,
But ſunk profound to Earth and trembled there:
When loe a Voice, as rolling Thunder loud,
Breaks from the Boſom of a ſhining Cloud,
"*THIS IS MY SON BELOV'D: ATTEND WITH AWFUL FEAR!*
"*IN HIM I'M PLEAS'D WITH MEN; LET MEN THEIR SAVIOUR HEAR.*

XXXIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XVII. Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1. *Jeſus taketh* Peter, James, *and* John *his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart,*

2. *And was transfigured before them, and his face did ſhine as the ſun, and his raiment was white as the light.*

3. *And behold, there appeared unto them* Moſes *and* Elias *talking with him.*

XXXIV.

The foul Spirit caſt out of the young Man.

AN aged Sire his Son to Jeſus brought,
And kneeling, thus, with Tears his Aid beſought;
--A furious *Dæmon* has my Child poſſeſt,
And from his Cradle robb'd of Sence and Reſt:
Now plung'd in Water, ready to expire,
And now half-burnt we ſnatch him from the Fire.
And tho' I to thy own Diſciples came,
My hopes they fail'd, his Torment's ſtill the ſame.
O ſtubborn and averſe to proffer'd Grace!
How long ſhall I endure your faithleſs Race?
Our Saviour inly mov'd with Sighs, replies,
To heav'nly Light, why will you cloſe your Eyes?
Then bids the Fiend diſlodge, who haſts away,
Nor dares he but *his* dreaded Voice obey,
Which ſhakes Heav'n, Earth and Hell; murm'ring he fled,
To his own dark abodes, and manſions of the Dead.

XXXIV.

St. MATTH. Chap. XVII. Ver. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

14. *There came to him a certain man kneeling down to him, and ſaying,*

15. *Lord, have mercy on my ſon, for he is lunatick, and ſore vexed: for oft-times he falleth into the fire, and oft into the water,* &c.

18. *And Jeſus rebuked the devil, and he departed out of him: and the child was cured from that very hour.*

XXXV.

Children call'd, and Meekneſs recommended.

AMbition now the choſen Twelve divides,
Which ſhou'd be firſt, which thus our Lord decides:
A little Child he to himſelf did call,
And ſets him in the midſt amongſt 'em all;
Then thus (when him he in his Arms had plac'd,
And with a Mother's Tenderneſs embrac'd.)
If you'd be great, hence your Example take,
This Innocence you muſt your Pattern make.
If you the heav'nly Kingdom hope to gain,
And with me in my Father's Glory reign;
Let fond Ambition paſs, be meek and mild,
And teachable, and humble like this Child.
Wo to the wretch who one of theſe offends,
How juſt, how dire a Fate his Crimes attends!
Far better for him that he found a Grave,
A thouſand Fathom deep beneath the briny Wave.

XXXV.

St. MATTH. Chap. XVIII. Ver. 2, 3, 4.

2. *Jeſus called a little child unto him, and ſet him in the midſt of them,*

3. *And ſaid, Verily I ſay unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye ſhall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

4. *Whoſoever therefore ſhall humble himſelf as this little child, the ſame is greateſt in the kingdom of heaven.*

XXXVI.

The King who took account of his Servants.

A King there was, whom, tho' both Wiſe and Great,
His faithleſs Servants long conſpir'd to cheat;
Tho' long they reign'd, diſcover'd at the laſt,
He asks a ſtrict Account of all that's paſt;
And with the greateſt Villain firſt begun,
Who twice five thouſand Talents had out-run:
Inſolvent found he bids 'em take away,
And ſell the Wretch, the vaſt Account to pay;
Low at his Feet the Hypocrite did fall,
Have Patience with me, and I'll pay thee all.
Mov'd with Compaſſion, him his Lord forgave,
And from his juſtly threaten'd Fates did ſave;
What yet remain'd, adviſ'd him to improve,
As he'd regain his Confidence and Love,
O're-joy'd and free he from his preſence went,
Bow'd low, and promis'd fair, but no Performance meant.

XXXVI.

St. Matth. Chap. XVIII. Ver. 23, to 27.

36.

23. *The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king which would take account of his ſervants.*

24. *And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him which ought him ten thouſand talents.*

25. *But foraſmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be ſold, and his wife and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made, &c.*

XXXVII.

The cruel Fellow-ſervant deliver'd to Torment.

TOO ſoon did he his Fellow-ſervant find,
From whom, as chanc'd, a trifling Sum behind,
An hundred Pence was on Account unpaid;
Throttling he ſeiz'd, and did the Wretch upbraid;
Who claſp'd his Feet, his Patience did implore,
And us'd the Plea, the other did before;
But us'd in vain, it now could find no Room,
A loathſom Goal his unrelenting Doom;
The reſt commiſerate his hapleſs Fate,
And to their Lord with ſpeed the whole relate:
Enrag'd he did the Wretch remand in haſte,
And thus th' irrevocable Sentence paſs'd;
Cruel and Wicked! thy Requeſt I heard,
And hadſt thou no Compaſſion, no Regard
To other's Prayers! Hence, from my ſight away,
In Dungeons mourn, till thou the Debt do pay.
Such Meaſure ſhall they from high Heav'n receive,
Whoſe Hearts with Rancor fill'd, their Brother not forgive.

XXXVII.

St. Matth. Chap. XVIII. Ver. 28, 29, 30.

28. *But the ſame ſervant went out, and found one of his fellow-ſervants, which ought him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, ſaying, Pay me that thou oweſt.*

29. *And his fellow-ſervant fell down at his feet, and beſought him, ſaying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.*

30. *And he would not: but went and caſt him into priſon, till he ſhould pay the debt.*

XXXVIII.

Chriſt's Tenderneſs to little Children.

SOme pious Parents did our Lord addreſs,
And their dear Infants bring for him to bleſs.
Whom his officious Follow'rs did oppoſe,
Why ſhould he troubled be with ſuch as thoſe?
With Anger and Diſpleaſure in his Eyes,
Such as they ſeldom wore, our Lord replies,
---O, do not Little Children turn away,
But let 'em to me come, and with me ſtay!
My Father Crowns of Light for them prepares,
A glorious heav'nly Kingdom ſhall be theirs.
He ſays, and kindly takes them in his Arms,
Nor with their Infant-Blandiſhments and Charms
Remains unmov'd: His Hands upon their Head
He laid, which Grace, and heav'nly Virtues ſhed:
By Words and Deeds his tender Care expreſs'd,
Nor willingly diſmiſs'd, nor ſent 'em thence unbleſs'd.

XXXVIII.

St. Matth. Chap. XIX. Ver. 13, 14, 15.

38.

13. *Then there were brought unto him little children, that he ſhould put his hands on them, and pray: and the diſciples rebuked them.*

14. *But Jeſus ſaid, Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven.*

15. *And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence.*

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

The Difficulty of Salvation to rich Men.

With eager Haſt a youth to Jeſus ran,
Fell proſtrate at his Feet, and thus began:
What ſhall I do, for none can better tell,
T' arrive at Bliſs, and ſcape the Flames of Hell?
To whom our Lord-- You muſt not ſteal nor kill,
Adult'ry ſhun: Obey your Parents Will.
Theſe I've obſerv'd from Childhood, he rejoyn'd,
What is there of Perfection yet behind?
With Love and Pity, him our Lord ſurvey'd,
And to the forward Learner thus he ſaid,
Sell all thou haſt, if thou wilt perfect be,
Give to the Poor, and come and follow me.
As Thunder-ſtruck with this reply he ſtands,
Nor e're expected ſuch ſevere Commands:
At length he did with much of Pain depart,
His Wealth prevail'd and ſtole away his Heart.
Sighing, our Lord-- How ill doth Wealth agree
With the neglected Croſs, and Pietie?
As ſoon the loaden Camel may paſs by
A narrow Gate, or thred a needle's Eye;
As he who truſts in Riches, Life obtain,
Enter the Gates of Bliſs, the Crown of Glory gain.

XXXIX.

St. MATTH. Chap. XIX. Ver. 16, to 22.

16. *One came and ſaid unto him, Good maſter, what good thing ſhall I do that I may have eternal life?* &c.

21. *Jeſus ſaid unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and ſell that thou haſt, and give unto the poor, and thou ſhalt have treaſure in heaven: and come and follow me.*

22. *But when the young man heard that ſaying, he went away ſorrowful: for he had great poſſeſſions.*

XL.

XL.

The Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard.

A Careful Landlord did the Sun prevent,
His Buſineſs call'd, he to the Market went;
And there for painful Labourers enquir'd,
Whom he to work in his fair Vineyard hir'd;
Their Wages fix'd, his Care he twice repeats,
With others on the ſame Conditions treats.
'Twas now the Hour when the declining Sun
Almoſt the Weſtern Goal of Heav'n had won:
Again the Lord did to the Streets repair,
And others found, remiſs, and idling there;
Diſpleas'd he ask'd 'em-- Why ſo long they ſtay,
And waſte in thriftleſs Idleneſs, the Day?
That none had hir'd 'em, they for anſwer give;
Go work, he ſaid, and what is Juſt, receive.
At Night his Steward call'd, the Workmen paid,
And firſt and laſt their Wages equal made:
Thoſe murmur who began at early Morn,
And all the Sun and ſcorching Heat had born.
My Friends, you are not wrong'd, the Lord replies,
Why ſhou'd you then behold with envious Eyes,
Another's Good? and why, without Offence
May I not, as I pleaſe, my own diſpenſe?
But there are Laſt who ſhall the Firſt appear,
And oft the foremoſt Ranks come lateſt in the Rear.

XL

XL.

St. MATTH. Chap. XX. Ver. 1,2,3,4.

1. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an houſholder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.*

2. *And when he had agreed with the labourers for a peny a day, he ſent them into his vineyard.*

3. *And he went out about the third hour, and ſaw others ſtanding idle in the market-place.*

4. *And ſaid unto them, Go ye alſo into the vineyard, and whatſoever is right, I will give you.*

XLI.

Humility recommended on occaſion of the Requeſt of the Zebedees *Mother.*

THE Mother of the *Zebedean* Pair
Embrac'd our Saviour's Feet, and proſtrate there,
Unleſs he'd grant her Boon, refus'd to riſe;
He bids her name it, ſhe again replies,
That theſe my Sons who with thee firſt embrac'd
Thy Law, may next thee on thy Throne be plac'd.
Returns our Lord— You know not what you do,
How dear an Honour 'tis, for which you ſue.
And can you then a Fate like mine ſuſtain,
Share in my Suff'rings as you'd ſhare my Reign?
We can, they anſwer; and you ſhall, ſays he,
But for the other, 'tis not lodg'd in me;
That Honour muſt alone by thoſe be ſhar'd,
For whom by my Great Father 'tis prepar'd.
The Twelve were at th' ambitious Suit enrag'd,
Until their Anger thus our Lord aſſwag'd:
The World and you a different Courſe muſt ſteer,
He muſt be leaſt, who wou'd be greateſt here:
The Son of Man expects not Pomp or Fame,
In a mean Servant's humble Form he came;
His Life a Ranſom for Mankind to give,
That ſav'd from Death and Hell, they might for ever live.

XLI.

St. MATTH. Chap. XX. Ver. 20, to 28.

41.

20. *Then came to him the mother of* Zebedee's *children, with her ſons, worſhipping him, and deſiring a certain thing of him,* &c.

26. *Whoſoever will be great among you, let him be your miniſter:*

27. *And whoſoever will be chief among you, let him be your ſervant.*

28. *Even as the Son of man came not to be miniſtred unto, but to miniſter, and to give his life a ranſom for many.*

XLII.

Chriſt's entry into Jeruſalem; *the Hoſanna's of the People.*

ON a mean Aſs to Town our Saviour came,
Yet loud Hoſanna's his approach proclaim:
The Palms fair Branches in his Road they lay,
And with their Garments ſpread the crowded way:
Before, behind, unnumber'd thouſands preſs,
And with glad Hymns the Son of *David* bleſs:
Thus came thoſe ſacred Oracles to paſs,
Which in a Viſion's intellectual Glaſs:
Ten Ages ſince by Angels ſhown to thee
Great *Iddo*'s Son, illuſtrious *Zacharie!*
Who thus— O *Sion*'s Daughter! do not fear!
Behold thy King! Behold thy Saviour near!
By no triumphant Chariot is he born,
No Horſe, whom rich Capariſons adorn:
A humble Aſſes tender Fole muſt bring,
The Saviour of the World, fair *Salem*'s peaceful King.

XLII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXI. Ver. 4, to 9.

42.

4. —*This was done, that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken by the prophet, ſaying,*

5. *Tell ye the daughter of* Sion, *Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and ſitting upon an aſs, and a colt the fole of an aſs.*

6. *And the diſciples went, and did as Jeſus commanded them,*

7. *And brought the aſs, and the colt, and put on them their cloaths, and they ſet him thereon, &c.*

XLIII.

The Buyers and Sellers cast out of the Temple.

TO God's high Temple Jesus went and found
Large Droves of Oxen spread the sacred Ground.
From distant *Basan*'s fertile Pastures bought,
With Sheep from *Carmel*, or from *Sharon* brought.
The fair Piazzas round with Shops are fill'd,
And those with Bankers, well in cheating skill'd,
Before 'em tempting heaps of Coin were laid,
Far less has many a Prince and Realm betray'd.
Nor this our Lord, with anger in his Eyes,
A scourge of smarting Cords he well applies,
Then thus— Ye sacrilegious, hence, away!
My Father's House where all should meet and pray,
By you a Den of Thieves and Robbers made,
A noisie Burse for Barter, and for Trade.
Then his Disciples thought on Truths foretold
Of him, in holy Oracles of old.
" For Zeal of thy dear House my Spirits decay,
" It sinks my Strength, and steals my fainting Soul away.

XLIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXI. Ver. 12, 13.

12. *Jeſus went into the temple of God, and caſt out all them that ſold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the ſeats of them that ſold doves,*

13. *And ſaid unto them, It is written, My houſe ſhall be called the houſe of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.*

XLIV.

The wicked Husbandmen, and their juſt Puniſhment.

A Lord there was who plants a noble Vine,
To yield the choiceſt Grapes and gen'rous Wine:
This ſoon he did to Husbandmen convey,
A Juſt proportion of the Fruits to pay.
As chanc'd he to far diſtant Regions went,
And when the Vintage came, his Servants ſent,
To bring him of the Fruit; the Churls refus'd,
Some did they beat, ſome kill, and all abus'd:
What ſhall he do? his Son he ſpeeds away,
For him they ſure wou'd rev'rence and obey:
When him the Traitors at a diſtance ſpy'd,
The Heir himſelf! with barb'rous Joy, they cry'd:
Now muſt our Force and Policy be ſhown,
Diſpatch but him, the Vineyard's all our own.
They did, but when the Lord their Treaſon knows,
How will he of the Murderers diſpoſe?
The Wretches he'll deſtroy, their Houſes burn,
To thoſe his Vineyards let, who will the Fruits return.

XLIV.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXI. Ver. 33, to 38.

33. *There was a certain houſholder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine-preſs in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and ſent his ſervants to receive the fruits of it, &c.*

37. *Laſt of all, he ſent unto them his ſon, ſaying, They will reverence my ſon.*

38. *But when the husbandmen ſaw the ſon, they ſaid among themſelves, This is the heir, come, let us kill him, and let us ſeize on his inheritance.*

XLV.

The Marriage-Feaſt, and the unworthy Gueſts.

A Monarch who with regal Pomp and State,
The Nuptials of his Son would celebrate.
His Servants ſent t' invite the Country round,
But all with one conſent Excuſes found:
The firſt had Oxen which he never ſaw,
And them he needs muſt go to prove and draw.
The ſecond had a Purchaſe newly made,
And begs his Patience till his Grounds ſurvey'd:
The third his Bride had juſt conducted home,
For him, he cou'd not, nor he wou'd not come:
The reſt diſpatch'd the Meſſengers employ'd.
Juſtly enrag'd the King, th' ungrate deſtroy'd,
And ſends his Servants, worthier Gueſts to find,
Who bring the Poor, the Lame, the Maim'd, the Blind.
Amidſt the crowded Room a Wretch appears,
Who in contempt a ſordid Garment wears.
The King commands to ſeize, and binds him faſt,
And into Dungeons deep, and utter Darkneſs caſt.

XLV.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXII. Ver. 2, to 13.

45.

2. *A certain king made a marriage for his ſon, &c.*

11. *And when the king came in to ſee the gueſts, he ſaw there a man which had not on a wedding-garment:*

12. *And he ſaith unto him, Friend, how cameſt thou in hither, not having a wedding-garment? And he was ſpeechleſs.*

13. *Then ſaid the king to the ſervants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and caſt him into outer darkneſs: there ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.*

XLVI.

XLVI.

The Question of the Pharisees *concerning Tribute answer'd.*

THE *Herodians* and the *Pharisees* combine,
T' intrap our Lord was their accurs'd Design,
And thus accost him— *Rabbi!* well we know,
Thou dost the Way of Truth to Mortals show:
To Fear a Stranger, vice thou dost not spare,
Despise the Mean, nor for the greatest Care.
Inform us then, shall we to *Cesar* pay,
Whom now compell'd the chosen Race obey,
That Tribute which with harsh and rig'rous Hand,
His impious Publicans of us demand?
Their Wickedness from him they could not hide,
Who all things knows, and cautious thus reply'd.
You Hypocrites! in vain, why tempt you me?
The question'd Tribute-Money let me see!
They brought a Piece, he asks 'em whose the Coin,
And whose th' Inscription? *Cesar*'s they rejoyn.
To *Cesar* whence Protection they receive,
He bids 'em pay his Due, to God they God's must give.

XLVI.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXII. Ver. 19, 20, 21.

19. *Shew me the tribute-money. And they brought unto him a peny.*

20. *And he ſaith unto them, Whoſe is this image and ſuperſcription?*

21. *They ſay unto him,* Ceſar's. *Then ſaid he unto them, Render therefore unto* Ceſar, *the things which are* Ceſar's: *and unto God, the things that are God's.*

XLVII.

XLVII.

The Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.

ON lofty Olivet beneath the ſhade,
Whence the devoted City he ſurvey'd;
Our Saviour ſat, th' Apoſtles him attend,
And ask'd him trembling, when the World muſt End,
And he to Judgment come? He thus replies,
—Be not deceiv'd, for Nation firſt muſt riſe,
Encountring Nation, Plagues and Famine reign,
But the beginning of their hopeleſs Pain.
E'en you, my Friends, who Heav'n's Commands obey,
Hated of all, and all ſhall you betray.
The ſpatious Globe my ſacred Law muſt hear,
And then prepare, for then the End is near:
The Sun ſhall to eternal Shades deſcend,
The Moon her ſhorter Year for ever end:
The Son of Man amidſt the Clouds appear,
And all the conſcious Earth ſhall ſhake for fear;
Th' Angelic Guards diſcharge their weighty Truſt,
And from a flaming World, collect and ſave the Juſt.

XLVII.

St. MATTH. Ch. XXIV. Ver. 3, to 30.

3. *As he ſat upon the mount of Olives, the diſciples came unto him privately, ſaying, Tell us, when ſhall theſe things be? and what ſhall be the ſign of thy coming, and of the end of the world, &c.*

30. *Then ſhall appear the ſign of the Son of man in heaven: and then ſhall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they ſhall ſee the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.*

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

The Parable of the wiſe and fooliſh Virgins.

TEN Virgins fair one Roof did entertain,
One Half were Wiſe, the other Fond and Vain:
All went to meet the Bridegroom and the Bride,
The Wiſe their Golden Lamps with Oyl ſupply'd:
Th' Imprudent, careleſs, tho' their Lamps were dry,
'Twas Time enough they thought Recruits to buy:
But while the Bridegroom on the Road did ſtay,
Tir'd with their Journey and his long Delay,
Inglorious Sleep did all the Ten ſurpriſe,
And heavy leaden Slumbers ſeal'd their Eyes;
When loe a Mid-night Cry— The Bridegroom's near,
He comes, he comes, his Harbingers are here:
In haſte they roſe, their Lamps they all prepare,
Thoſe of the Wiſe ſhone ſparkling, bright and fair.
The Fooliſh wou'd have borrow'd of the Wiſe,
But ask in vain, their Oyl wou'd but ſuffice:
Arrives the Bridegroom while they went for more,
His ready Gueſts receives, and ſhuts the Door;
The other came at length, but came too late,
And mourn in mid-night Shades their own unhappy Fate.

XLVIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXV. Ver. 1, to 12.

1. *Then ſhall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.*

2. *And five of them were wiſe, and five were fooliſh.*

3. *They that were fooliſh took their lamps, and took no oyl with them:*

4. *But the wiſe took oyl in their veſſels with their lamps,* &c.

XLIX.

The Talents entruſted with the faithful and ſlothful Servants.

A Lord e're he to diſtant Regions goes,
Among his Servants wou'd his Goods diſpoſe;
Five Talents one, the ſecond two receives,
A ſingle Talent to the laſt he gives.
The Two, ſo well in Trade the Stock he lent
Improv'd, they gain'd their Maſter *Cent. per Cent.*
The Third with lazy Stubborneſs and Pride,
His uſeleſs Talent in the Ground did hide:
The Lord return'd, and ſtrict Enquiry made,
What each had gain'd by Barter and by Trade:
The faithful Servants who improv'd their Store,
He praiſes, honours, and intruſts with more;
But bids the barren Talent take agen,
And give to him who rais'd his Five to Ten.
Th' ungrateful unimproving Servant's thrown
In Dungeons deep, where Light and Joy's unknown;
Where ſolid Wo and Death and Darkneſs reign,
And Wretches gnaſh their Teeth and gnaw their Tongues for pain.

XLIX.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXV. Ver. 15, 16, 17, 18.

49.

15. *To one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one, to every one according to his ability, and ſtraitway took his journey.*

16. *Then he that had received the five talents, went and traded with the ſame, and made them other five talents.*

17. *And likewiſe he that had received two, he alſo gained other two.*

18. *But he that had received one, went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.*

L.

The Deſcription of the laſt Judgment.

THE Son of Man with all his Glory crown'd,
His Father's menial Angels waiting round;
High in Mid-Heav'n his radiant Throne, ſhall come,
And to the trembling World pronounce their Doom.
On his Right-Hand ſhall then the Sheep be ſeen,
The Goats o'th' left, how vaſt a Gulf between!
Then to the Juſt--- O of my Father bleſs'd!
Come, come to Joy, and Peace, and endleſs Reſt!
Me in my Poor you did on Earth relieve,
Now in requital all my Heav'n I give.
But to th' Unjuſt with angry Frowns he'll ſay,
From Bliſs and me, ye curs'd, Depart away,
To Flames prepar'd for impious Spir'ts that fell;
'Tis you who chuſe it, and muſt ſhare their Hell.
To me you in my Friends were once unkind,
No Mercy ſhew'd, nor Mercy hope to find:
Theſe ſhall depart to boundleſs, hopeleſs Pain,
The Juſt in Life, and Bliſs, and endleſs Glory reign.

L.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXV. Ver. 31, 32, 33.

50.

31. *The Son of Man ſhall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then ſhall he ſit upon the throne of his glory.*

32. *And before him ſhall be gathered all nations; and he ſhall ſeparate them one from another, as a ſhepherd divideth his ſheep from the goats:*

33. *And he ſhall ſet the ſheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.*

LI.

Christ sends his Disciples to provide the Passover.

AND now the sacred Festal Day took place,
Which banish'd Leaven from the chosen Race:
The twelve our Lord address, and ask him, Where
They shou'd for him the Paschal Feast prepare?
Who strait did to the crowded City send,
Bold *Cephas*, and his *Zebedean* Friend:
Where from the Brook you see a man return,
And Water bear in no capacious Urn,
Follow, says he, his steps, and thus accost,
As my Embassadors, the courteous Host:
" The Master saith, this Day I'll be thy Guest,
" And with thee celebrate the Paschal Feast.
He'll you to a fair furnish'd Chamber guide,
Make ready there, and what we want, provide.
They went, and all things found as he declar'd,
And soon the Wine, and Bread, and sacred Lamb prepar'd.

LI.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXVI. Ver. 17, 18, 19.

17. *Now the firſt day of the feaſt of unleavened bread, the diſciples came to Jeſus, ſaying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the paſſover?*

18. *And he ſaid, Go into the city to ſuch a man, and ſay unto him, The maſter ſaith, My time is at hand, I will keep the paſſover at thy houſe with my diſciples.*

19. *And the diſciples did as Jeſus had appointed them, and they made ready the paſſover.*

LII.

The Paſſover eaten, and the Betrayer foretold.

IN a large Room prepar'd for ſuch a Gueſt,
The Maſter celebrates the Paſchal Feaſt;
Himſelf, for ſo his Father did ordain,
Th' unſpotted Lamb for our Offences ſlain,
Whoſe Memory he bids his Friends retain,
(Till Heav'n reſtores the Subſtance for the Sign)
In Feaſts of myſtic Bread and ſacred Wine:
Tho' firſt, as all the Twelve around him ſate,
Deep muſing on his near approaching Fate,
He thus--- O can it (yet it muſt) be true!
The Son of Man's betray'd by one of you.
Name, name the Monſter, or ſome Signal give,
They all reply, he not deſerves to live.
He did, the lurking Traitor ſoon is ſhown,
The falſe *Iſcariot* he, no more unknown:
As ſoon he's by th' invading Fiend poſſeſt,
And Seeds of Murder fill his avaritious Breaſt.

LII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXVI. Ver. 20, 21, 22, 23.

52.

20. *When the even was come, he ſat down with the twelve.*

21. *And as he did eat, he ſaid, Verily I ſay unto you, that one of you ſhall betray me.*

22. *And they were exceeding ſorrowful, and began every one of them to ſay unto him, Lord, is it I?*

23. *And he anſwered and ſaid, He that dippeth his hand with me in the diſh, the ſame ſhall betray me.*

LIII.

Judas *betrays Christ to the Priests.*

WHile *Judas* with the Priests his Death conspires,
To sweet *Gethsemane* our Lord retires:
The favour'd three Disciples, as before
He with him leads, the others Guard the Door;
Nor Guard it long, while there he kneel'd and pray'd,
E're distant murm'ring Sounds their Ears invade,
And glaring Light disturb'd the solemn Shade:
Lanthorns and Torches at the length appear,
And swiftly raise the Hill; they cry, they're here!
The murd'ring Band approach: our Lord who knew,
And dar'd the worst, their barb'rous Rage could do,
Advanc'd to meet 'em; by the Traitor, found,
And with a Kiss betray'd, he's seiz'd and bound.
Nor *Cephas* this, who drew his shining Blade,
And thro' the thickest at the Traitor made,
But missing him, the Blow on *Malchus* fell,
And lop'd his Ear: our Lord his forward Zeal
Reproves, and did the wounded Servant heal.
But when they saw their Master captive led,
Like Sheep their Shepherd slain, th' Apostles trembling fled.

LIII.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXVI. Ver. 48, 49, 50, 51.

53.

48. Judas *that betrayed him, gave them a ſign, ſaying, Whomſoever I ſhall kiſs, that ſame is he, hold him faſt.*

49. *And forthwith he came to Jeſus, and ſaid, Hail maſter; and kiſſed him.*

50. *And Jeſus ſaid unto him, Friend,* &c.

51. *And behold, one of them which were with Jeſus, ſtretched out his hand, and drew his ſword, and ſtrook a ſervant of the high prieſt, and ſmote off his ear.*

LIV.

The Arraignment of our Saviour, who is denied by Peter.

'TWas Night, nor wou'd the Moon her Beams display,
Unwilling to behold so black a Day;
When to the *Sanhedrim* our Lord they brought
And perjur'd Evidence against him sought;
But sought in vain, their Witness can't agree,
Till him the Pontiff charg'd with Blasphemie,
Confess'd the Son of God: his fearful Train
Dispers'd in Caves and secret Shades remain.
But *Cephas*, who each Path and Turning knew,
Did by long winding Ways his Steps pursue:
Trembling at last, and scarce himself for Fear,
He mingles with the Crowd, the Event to hear.
Yet he who lately wou'd for him have dy'd,
As he foretold, his Master thrice deny'd.
The Saviour turn'd, and mildly did reprove,
With silent Looks of kind Complaint and Love;
Which pierc'd his secret Soul, nor needed more,
With bitter Grief he did his Crimes deplore,
And wash'd his Breast in Tears far whiter than before.

LIV.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXVI. Ver. 57, to the End.

54.

57. *They that had laid hold on Jeſus, led him away to* Caiaphas *the high prieſt, where the ſcribes and the elders were aſſembled,* &c.

74. *Then began he to curſe and to ſwear, ſaying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew.*

75. *And* Peter *remembred the words of Jeſus, which ſaid unto him, Before the cock crow, thou ſhalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly.*

LV.

LV.

Chriſt deliver'd bound to Pilate, *and led to his Paſſion.*

BOund and abus'd, our patient Lord they bear
To *Pilate*'s Palace, and accuſe him there:
He ſtrives in vain the Innocent to ſave,
The clam'rous crowd a Murderer will have,
A Murd'rer and a Rebel, then in Bands
Before the Prince of Life: he waſh'd his Hands
To ſhew him guiltleſs of the Blood was ſhed,
(Ah vain Luſtration!) then he dooms him dead:
And now to mournful *Calvary* he's led,
Fainting beneath his Croſſes pond'rous Load,
Blood from his Shoulders marking all the Road.
But Saviour! who can tell thy Suff'rings there?
A ſight the conſcious Sun deny'd to bear:
Low at thy Croſs we'll mourn, nor thence remove,
But write in Tears our Grief as thou in Blood thy Love.

LV.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXVII. Ver. 21, to 28.

55.

21. *The governour ſaid, Whether of the twain will ye that I releaſe unto you? They ſaid,* Barabbas, *&c.*

27. *Then the ſouldiers of the Governour took Jeſus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of ſoldiers.*

28. *And they ſtripped him, and put on him a ſcarlet robe.*

LVI.

LVI.

Christ risen from the dead, appears to his Disciples.

SOrrows be gone! no longer we'll deplore;
Our Lord is risen, we must sigh no more:
See him on *Tabor* his Disciples meet,
With doubtful trembling Joy they kiss his Feet!
What Love, what Awe, what Majesty and Grace!
Dazling his Form, ineffable his Face;
To me, he said, by my Great Father's giv'n,
Won by my Death, the Pow'r of Earth and Heav'n.
Go then, for thus I your Commission sign,
Disciple all the World, and make 'em mine;
Baptis'd, that they a right to Bliss may claim,
In the mysterious Triad's sacred Name.
Nor this alone your Care; Instruct 'em too
What e're from me you've learnt, t'observe and do.
My constant Care and Love shall you defend
Till utmost End of Time, but these shall know no End.

LVI.

St. MATTH. Chap. XXVIII. Ver. 2, to the End.

56.

5. *The Angel anſwered and ſaid unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye ſeek Jeſus which was crucified.*

6. *He is not here: for he is riſen, as he ſaid: come, ſee the place where the Lord lay.*

7. *And go quickly, and tell his diſciples that he is riſen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into* Galilee, *there ſhall ye ſee him, lo, I have told you,* &c.

LVII.

The GOSPEL according to St. *MARK*.

CONTENTS referring to the Chapters.

OUR Saviour's Acts, in brief St. *MARK* recites [1],
The Baptiſt's ſacred Miſſion firſt he writes.
The Palſy'd [2], and the Wither'd Hand [3] reſtor'd:
The Seed [4]: A helliſh Legion [5] flies our Lord:
Him his ungrateful Countrymen [6] deſpiſe:
By *Herod*'s cruel Sword the Baptiſt dies.
Of Hands unwaſht [7]. The Loaves [8]. Chriſt's Death reveal'd [9].
Divorcement [10]. Children; and the Blind is heal'd.
With Triumph [11] to *Jeruſalem* he rode,
The Vineyard [12]; Dues to *Ceſar*, and to God.
The Temples Ruins, and the World's [13] Decay.
Th' accurſed *Judas* [14] does his Lord betray:
Accus'd, condemn'd, amidſt [15] two Thieves he dies,
But does to Life by his own Pow'r [16] ariſe;
To native Realms of Light returns again,
And does at God's Right-Hand, in endleſs Glory reign.

LVII.

St. MARK *the Evangeliſt.*

57.

Second Epiſtle to TIMOTHY Ch. IV. Ver. 11.

Take Mark *and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the miniſtry.*

LVIII.

Simon, Andrew, James *and* John *call'd to be Diſciples.*

AS Jeſus walk'd along the yielding Sand,
Where dying Billows waſh'd the Verge of Land.
Two Fiſhers on the Lake he chanc'd to ſee,
And awfully commands 'em— Follow me;
Fiſhers of Men I'll you hereafter make,
For thouſands you with friendly Guile ſhall take.
Nor far he coaſted on the Waters ſide,
E're he another friendly pair eſpy'd;
James, and the favour'd *John*, who at his call,
Struck with a ſacred Awe, their Nets let fall,
(For thoſe they mending ſat) their Bark forſake,
And to a nobler Work themſelves betake;
Their careful Father with the Servants leave;
Amongſt his humble Train does them our Lord receive.

LVIII.

St. Mark Chap. I. Ver. 16, to 20.

16. *As Jeſus walked by the ſea of* Galilee, *he ſaw* Simon, *and* Andrew *his brother, caſting a net into the ſea: (for they were fiſhers)*

17. *And Jeſus ſaid unto them, Come ye, &c.*

19. *And when he had gone a little further thence, he ſaw* James *the ſon of* Zebedee, *and* John *his brother, who alſo were in the ſhip mending their nets.*

20. *And ſtraitway he called them: and they left their father* Zebedee *in the ſhip with the hired ſervants, and went after him.*

LIX.

The Parable of the Sower, and its Explanation.

OUR Lord in Parables his Law reveals
To docil minds, which juſtly he conceals
From thoſe with Pride and Stubborneſs poſſeſt
And ſeal'd for Death; in this among the reſt
A Sower went his fertile Glebe to ſow,
And precious Seed with Care did round him throw:
Some fell upon th' uncultivated Way,
To rav'nous hov'ring Fowls a ſpeedy Prey:
Some fell on ſhallow Earth, and ſtony Ground,
But wither'd ſoon, no Depth of Root it found;
Others with churliſh Thorns was choak'd and loſt,
Nor pay'd the lab'ring Hind his Pains and Coſt:
Some, tho' alas too little, proſper'd well,
For on prepar'd and grateful Ground it fell.
The Seeds, the Word, the Fowls, the watchful Fiend
With his black rav'nous Train, who ſtrait deſcend
And all devour: What falls on Stones, are thoſe
Who leave the Goſpel if the World oppoſe:
Riches and Cares the Thorns that choak the Field:
Thoſe on good Ground, who hear, and Fruit with Patience yield.

LXI.

St. MARK Chap. IV. Ver. 3, to 8.

59.

3. *Behold, there went out a ſower to ſow:*

4. *And it came to paſs as he ſowed, ſome fell by the way-ſide, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.*

5. *And ſome fell on ſtony ground, where it had not much earth, &c.*

7. *And ſome fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choaked it, and it yielded no fruit.*

8. *And other fell on good ground and did yield fruit that ſprang up and increaſed.*

LX.

Parables of the hidden Candle, the Huſbandman, and the Muſtard-ſeed.

TO what's the heav'nly Kingdom like, or where
Can ought be found we may therewith compare?
—'Tis like a painful Husbandman, which goes
And choiceſt Seed in well-laid Furrows ſows;
Nor does the Crop deceive his careful Plough,
But ſprings with ſecret Growth, he knows not how.
Yet when the Harveſt's ripe, he ſends and ſhears,
And lays it up for barren fruitful Years.
'Tis like a Grain of Muſtard-ſeed; when ſown
How ſmall? But when 'tis burgeon'd, and 'tis grown,
It ſoon of all its fellow-Trees takes place,
And ſtands the Giant of the ſhrubby Race.
Under a Bed if you a Lamp reſtrain,
It blazes to it ſelf, and waſts in vain.
Your Light before the wond'ring World muſt ſhine,
So clear and wide that all may own you mine;
Around the Houſe project a borrow'd Day,
And chaſe the gloomy Night, and ſullen ſhades away.

LX.

St. MARK Chap. IV. Ver. 21, to 33.

60.

21. *Is a candle brought to be put under a buſhel, or under a bed? and not to be ſet on a candleſtick?* &c.

26. *The kingdom of God is, as if a man ſhould caſt ſeed into the ground,*

27. *And ſhould ſleep, and riſe night and day, and the ſeed ſhould ſpring and grow up, he knoweth not how,* &c.

31. *The kingdom of God is like a grain of muſtard-ſeed, which when it is ſown in the earth, is leſs than all the ſeeds that be in the earth.*

32. *But when it is ſown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs,* &c.

LXI.

LXI.

The Tempeſt ſtill'd.

A Sudden Tempeſt on the Lake did riſe,
And whirl the working Billows to the Skies.
The Bark, which did far more than *Ceſar* bear,
(For he who ſpred the ſpatious Globe was there;
Tho' ſleeping in the narrow Cabin laid)
Work'd hard for Life, ev'n *Cephas* was afraid,
The ſteerſ-man left his Helm, and *Judas* pray'd,
The ſtagg'ring Veſſel now had ſhipp'd a Wave,
They ſink, and ſinking cry--- O Maſter ſave!
He roſe unmov'd, for all within was Peace,
Chides the mad Waves, and bids their Tumults ceaſe;
Rebukes the Winds, which ſoon forgat to roar,
And all the murm'ring Billows kiſs'd the ſhore.
Then blames their want of Faith; amaz'd they ſay,
What more than Man is this, whom Wind and Seas obey!

LXI.

St. MARK Chap. IV. Ver. 37, 38, 39.

37. *There aroſe a great ſtorm of wind, and the waves beat into the ſhip, ſo that it was now full.*

38. *And he was in the hinder part of the ſhip, aſleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and ſay unto him, Maſter, careſt not thou that we periſh?*

39. *And he aroſe, and rebuked the wind, and ſaid unto the ſea, Peace, be ſtill: and the wind ceaſed, and there was a great calm.*

LXII.

The Twelve ſent forth to teach and work Miracles.

IN friendly Pairs the Twelve their Maſter ſent,
And thus Inſtructions gave 'em e're they went;
—Againſt your Journey no Proviſion make,
No Scrip, nor Bread, nor uſeleſs Money take:
A Staff, one Coat, and Sandals will ſuffice,
Who ſends you will not let you want ſupplies:
Light for your walk, and mean, and ſimply dreſt,
It ſuits your Meſſage, and your Maſter beſt.
But wo to thoſe the proffer'd Grace refuſe,
You and your Miſſion ſlight, or elſe abuſe:
Unnatural *Sodom* met a milder Fate,
Than does for theſe at the great Audit wait.
Commiſſion'd thus, th' Apoſtles haſte away,
The murm'ring Fiends their pow'rful Voice obey,
And quit thoſe Holds where long entrench'd they lay:
Their Hands Diſeaſes chaſe, their Words do more,
Long-rooted Sins eject, and vitious Souls reſtore.

LXII.

St. MARK Chap. VI. Ver. 7, to 13.

62.

7. *He called unto him the twelve, and began to ſend them forth by two and two, and gave them power over unclean ſpirits,* &c.

11. *Whoſoever ſhall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, ſhake off the duſt under your feet, for a teſtimony againſt them. Verily I ſay unto you, it ſhall be more tolerable for* Sodom *and* Gomorrha *in the day of judgment, than for that city.*

12. *And they went out, and preached that men ſhould repent.*

13. *And they caſt out many devils, and anointed with oyl many that were ſick, and healed them.*

LXIII.

Chriſt walks on the Sea, and ſtills the Tempeſt.

WHile in the lonely deſart Jeſus ſtaid,
And all the Night to him who ſent him pray'd;
Th' Apoſtles, whom embark'd he ſent before,
Were working hard to make the diſtant ſhore,
With many a fruitleſs Board; the Storm grew high,
And fighting whirlwinds mingled Earth and Sky.
Dark was the Night, as that which did of old,
In Hell-born miſts th' *Egyptian* Realms infold;
No chearful Pleiades, nor watchful Bear,
Did to th' Apoſtles thro' the Clouds appear
To guide their Courſe, nor was their Maſter there.
—At length he came his faithful Friends to ſave,
And treads with ſteddy Feet, the ſlipp'ry Wave.
Paſſing the Ship a glimpſe of Light he threw,
Which pierc'd the ſhades; at this imperfect view
Th' Apoſtles thought they ſaw ſome wand'ring Ghoſt
Of one upon the Lake in Tempeſts loſt.
A general Cry, they raiſe, their cauſleſs Fear
Our Lord did ſoon remove with— I am here!
Entring the Bark his Words the Winds command,
They make the happy Port and ſeize the welcom Land.

LXIII.

St. MARK Chap. VI. Ver. 49, 50, 51.

63

49. *When they ſaw him walking upon the ſea, they ſuppoſed it had been a ſpirit, and cried out.*

50. *(For they all ſaw him, and were troubled) And immediately he talked with them, and ſaith unto them, Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid.*

51. *And he went up unto them into the ſhip, and the wind ceaſed: and they were ſore amazed in themſelves beyond meaſure, and wondred.*

LXIV.

The deaf Stammerer miraculously recover'd.

NOW *Tyre*'s proud Walls and faithleſs Coaſt he leaves,
And *Galilee* again our Lord receives.
When with a hapleſs Youth to him they come,
Fair and of gentle Looks, but Deaf and Dumb;
Whom from the gazing Crowd he firſt convey'd,
Then, mov'd with mortal Labors, ſigh'd and ſaid,
(His Eyes to Heav'n, whence all good Gifts proceed)
From thy Infirmities be loos'd, and freed;
The String which held his Tongue impriſon'd brake,
His Ears were open'd, and he heard and ſpake:
To his glad Friends did him our Lord reſtore,
Enjoyning Silence, but they ſpake the more;
Throughout th' aſtoniſh'd Land the Wonder tell,
And all confeſs he has done all things well:
The Deaf his Words relieve, the Dead are rais'd,
And Tongues, unus'd before, the heav'nly Healer prais'd.

LXIV.

St. Mark Chap. VII. Ver. 32, to 35.

64.

32. *They brought unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech: and they beseech him to put his hand upon him.*

33. *And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue.*

34. *And looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphata, that is, be opened.*

35. *And straitway his ears were opened, and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.*

LXV.

The Miracle of the ſeven Loaves and a few Fiſhes.

OF old the FATHER in the Deſart fed
His choſen Flock with Angels taſtful Bread;
The SON does a reſembling Care expreſs,
And feeds with Wonders in the Wilderneſs.
—Where now vaſt Crowds around him fainting lay,
As helpleſs Sheep without their Shepherd ſtray.
With Pity mov'd th' Apoſtles Faith he try'd,
And bids 'em for his famiſh'd Gueſts provide.
Surpriz'd they anſwer— Where and whence the Food,
In barren Wilds for ſuch a Multitude?
Searching their Stores, but ſeven ſmall Loaves they found:
He ſeats the weary People on the Ground,
Great Nature's Board, with graſſy Carpets ſpred.
Then taking in his ſacred Hands the Bread;
In equal Parts divides, when firſt he had bleſt,
And his Diſciples reach to every Gueſt;
A few ſmall Fiſhes clos'd the heavenly Feaſt:
All were ſuffic'd, yet from th' increaſing Store,
The Wonder multiply'd, as did the Loaves before.

LXV.

St. Mark Chap. VIII. Ver. 6, 7, 8.

6. *He commanded the people to ſit down on the ground: and he took the ſeven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his diſciples to ſet before them: and they did ſet them before the people.*

7. *And they had a few ſmall fiſhes: and he bleſſed, and commanded to ſet them alſo before them.*

8. *So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left, ſeven baskets.*

LXVI.

The barren Fig-tree curſed.

LOng abſtinent, our Lord to faint began
For ſuch his Frame, in all but Sin, like Man:
As chanc'd a Fig-tree near the Road he ſpy'd,
Whoſe verdant Leaves, and Boughs extended wide,
Oft call'd the weary Trav'ler fro his Way,
And promis'd Fruit they never meant to pay.
Thither he goes, the Tree his Hopes deceives,
And nothing found he there but taſtleſs Leaves:
No Fruit, he ſaid, hereafter on thee grow,
Nor ſhalt thou more deceive with empty ſhow:
When from the Town ith' morning they return'd,
Th' Apoſtles ſaw it wither'd, ſear'd, and burn'd,
As blaſted with the Lightnings piercing Flame,
Or Winds that from the ſultry Deſart came.
With Wonder ſtruck — How ſoon 'tis gone they cry'd!
Is this ſo ſtrange, our Lord again reply'd?
Have but firm Faith in God, you All things may,
This Mountain bid remove, this Mountain ſhall obey.

LXVI.

St. MARK Chap. XI. Ver. 12, 13, 14.

12. *When they were come from* Bethany, *he was hungry.*

13. *And ſeeing a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, he came, if haply he might find any thing thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for the time of figs was not yet.*

14. *And Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto it, No man eat fruit of thee hereafter for ever.*

LXVII.

The Widow and her two Mites.

AS in the Womens Court our Lord was plac'd,
And ſaw the Gifts were into *Corban* caſt;
Handfuls of Gold, which they take care to ſhow
To all around, the Rich profuſely throw;
So large, as tho' they thought juſt Heav'n to move,
And buy their Pardons in the Court above:
When now the wealthier Crowd had left the Place,
A needy Widow with dejected Face
Offer'd her two poor Mites, 'twas all her ſtore,
And bluſh'd, and inward ſigh'd ſhe had no more.
Nor unconcern'd did this our Saviour ſee,
But prais'd the Widow's generous Poverty:
The reſt but their ſuperfluous Wealth had thrown,
Nor would their Coffers miſs it when 'twas gone:
To her two Mites, their Talents were but ſmall,
For more ſhe could not give, who freely gave her
ALL.

LXVII.

St. Mark Chap. XII. Ver. 42, 43, 44.

67.

42. *There came a certain poor widow, and ſhe threw in two mites, which make a farthing.*

43. *And he called unto him his diſciples, and ſaith unto them, Verily I ſay unto you, that this poor widow hath caſt more in, than all they which have caſt into the treaſury.*

44. *For all they did caſt in of their abundance: but ſhe of her want did caſt in all that ſhe had, even all her living.*

LXVIII.

The Deſtruction of the Temple foretold.

AS thro' the lofty Eaſtern Gate they go,
Our Lord the Temple his Diſciples ſhow;
What Stones, what Building's here, how Firm, how Vaſt!
Sure theſe as long as Time itſelf muſt laſt.
To whom our Lord— Such flatt'ring Hopes away!
The Day approaches faſt, the dreadful Day
When all this lofty Pile that threats the Sky
Shall bury'd in its own vaſt Ruins lie.
Trembling, they ask him when, and what the Sign?
—Nation ſhall againſt Nation firſt combine;
Rumours of Wars the guilty World affright,
The Heav'ns be fill'd with many a fearful Sight:
In Earth's dark Caverns ſtruggling Whirlwinds meet,
The hollow Ground ſhake underneath your Feet.
But when the holy Place profan'd you ſee,
Look not behind, but to the Mountains flee.
From Fields and Houſes Tops fly ſwift away,
Nor for your unavailing Treaſure ſtay.
Till then, be on your Guard with cautious Fear,
Leſt when you leaſt expect the Son of Man appear.

LXVIII.

St. Mark Chap. XIII. Ver. 1, to the End.

68.

1. *One of his diſciples ſaith unto him, Maſter, ſee what manner of ſtones, and what buildings are here.*

2. *And Jeſus anſwering ſaid unto him, Seeſt thou theſe great buildings? there ſhall not be left one ſtone upon another, that ſhall not be thrown down,* &c.

15. *Then let him that is on the houſe-top, not go down into the houſe, neither enter therein, to take any thing out of his houſe.*

LXIX.

Mary Magdalen *with her Box of Ointment.*

AT wealthy *Simon*'s pleaſant Country-Seat,
Where oft our Lord did with the Twelve retreat;
Their courteous Hoſt a Banquet did prepare,
And beauteous *Magdalena*'s ſelf was there:
With Love and Grief contending in her Breaſt,
The Penitent approach'd their heav'nly Gueſt:
A Vial of the pureſt Nard ſhe brought,
That e're for thrice its weight of Gold was bought,
Which o're his Head ſhe broke, the rich Perfume
Diffuſing all *Arabia* round the room.
Falſe *Judas* ſtrait with Indignation cry'd,
This Waſte might to the Poor have been apply'd.
Blame not, our Lord rejoyns, her pious Care,
Againſt my Fun'ral ſhe did this prepare;
The Poor you always have, (but I muſt go)
And when you pleaſe to them may Pity ſhow:
Whilſt the good Deeds this Penitent has wrought,
Shall thro' the World be with my Goſpel taught,
As long as Earth remains, or as the Sun
Shall round the radiant Belt his glorious Circle run.

LXIX.

St. MARK Chap. XIV. Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

69.

3. *As he ſat at meat, there came a woman, having an alabaſter-box of ointment of ſpikenard, very precious; and ſhe brake the box, and poured it upon his head.*

4. *And there were ſome that had indignation within themſelves, and ſaid, Why was this waſte of the ointment made?*

5. *For it might have been ſold more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured againſt her.*

6. *And Jeſus ſaid, Let her alone, why trouble ye her? ſhe hath wrought a good work on me.*

LXX.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt declared by an Angel to three Women.

SCarce had the ſober Morning's doubtful Ray
Beckon'd the Sun and warn'd the Shades away,
When the two *Maries* went with pious Care,
T'anoint their Maſter in the Sepulchre:
Concern'd, as through the ſilent Shades they come,
To move the pond'rous Stone which clos'd the Tomb.
That Care was vain, their kind celeſtial Friend
Had roll'd it thence, they to the Vault deſcend;
When loe, a Form adorn'd with heav'nly Grace,
Immortal Youth ſat ſmiling in his Face:
In long white Robes of pureſt *Æther* made,
And his own native Light and Flame array'd;
And to the trembling Women thus he ſaid.
—I know your Cares, diſpel your cauſleſs Fear,
Jeſus you ſeek, he's Riſen, he 's not here.
The joyful News to his Diſciples bear,
For *Galilee* he's gone to meet 'em there.
They went, but till they to th' Apoſtles come,
To none the Viſion tell, amazement ſtruck 'em dumb.

LXX.

St. Mark Chap. XVI. Ver. 2, to 8.

70.

2. *Very early in the morning, the firſt day of the week, they came unto the ſepulchre at the riſing of the ſun,* &c.

5. *And entring into the ſepulchre, they ſaw a young man ſitting on the right ſide, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.*

6. *And he ſaith unto them, Be not affrighted: ye ſeek Jeſus of* Nazareth, *which was crucified: he is riſen, he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.*

7. *But go your way, tell his diſciples,* &c.

LXXI.

LXXI.

The Appearance of Christ to Mary Magdalen.

AGain did *Magdalena* now repair,
Unto the Tomb to seek her Treasure there:
Distract with Fear and Love, she can't believe
The Witness ev'n an Angel's self did give;
But leaning o're the Vault her beautious Head,
Survey'd again the Chambers of the Dead;
And when the Body there no more appears,
Washes the Place, as once his Feet, with Tears.
—Behind her now a sudden noise she hears,
Startled she turns, and glimm'ring thro' the Leaves,
Something that seem'd of human Form perceives,
Which kindly ask'd her, Why she wept, and whom
She sought so near the solitary Tomb?
Who *Joseph*'s Gardner him supposing said,
O tell, tell me, where my Lord you've laid.
—*MARY*, he said, the Master's Voice she knew,
And at his glorious Feet herself in Transports threw.

LXXI.

St. MARK Chap. XVI. Ver. 9, 10, 11.

9. *When Jeſus was riſen early the firſt day of the week, he appeared firſt to* Mary Magdalen, *out of whom he had caſt ſeven devils.*

10. *And ſhe went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.*

11. *And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been ſeen of her, believed not.*

LXXII.

The Aſcenſion.

AND now to well-known *Bethany* he goes,
And leads the ſmall but faithful Flock he choſe;
Imperfect yet, with Expectations vain,
On *Iſrael*'s Throne to ſee their Maſter reign:
They ask if now the Scepter he'd reſtore
To *Judah*'s Race, and let 'em ſerve no more?
Seek not, he ſays, with bold and curious Eye
Into th' *Arcana* of high Heav'n to pry;
But wait till the bleſs'd Spirit deſcend, and you
With equal Pow'rs for your great Works endue,
I go, but he ſhall ever with you dwell,
Thus you I bleſs, and bid you thus Farewel!
He ſays, and inſtantaneous ſhoots away,
To his own native joyous Realms of Day;
They greedy after gaze, and ſigh to find
Their Maſter gone, themſelves expos'd behind:
But with his Promiſe cheer'd, though't long they mourn'd,
Their Faith and Joy receiv'd, they to the Town return'd.

LXXII.

St. MARK Chap. XVI. Ver. 19, 20.

19. *After the Lord had ſpoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and ſat on the right hand of God.*

20. *And they went forth, and preached every where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with ſigns following.* Amen.

LXXIII.

The GOSPEL according to St. *LUKE*.

CONTENTS referring to the Chapters.

BEhold St. *Luke*, in neat and courtly Stile,
Correct and clean our Saviour's Acts compile:
He tells how *Gabriel* to the Virgin [1] came,
The Baptist's strange Conception, and his Name.
Our Saviour's Birth [2], his Harbinger [3], his Line,
Temptation [4], Conquest, Preaching [5], Pow'r divine.
The Ears of Corn [6], the Twelve: The Dead are rais'd [7],
The Baptist, and the Woman's Faith is prais'd.
The Sow'r [8]. The Twelve [9], and then the Seventy sent [10],
His Pray'r [11]: He bids the *Pharisees* repent.
Weak mortal Rage, and persecuting Hate [12],
His must despise, the Broad, and narrow Gate [13].
The Dropsy heal'd [14], the Prodigal returns [15],
The Beggar crown'd with Bliss [16], and *Dives* burns.
Offence [17]. The Widow [18]. With *Zaccheus* staid
Our Lord [19]; and silent all his Tempters made [20].
The Widow's Mite [21]. The Saviour is betray'd [22].
Unjustly doom'd, with Patience Death receives [23],
Rais'd; the third Day ascends [24], in Bliss for ever lives.

LXXIII.

St. LUKE *the Evangelist.*

73.

COLOSS. Chap. IV. Ver. 14.

Luke *the beloved Physician, and* Demas *greet you.*

LXXIV.

An Angel appears to Zacharias, *and foretels the Birth of* John.

LOng e're the impious Myſt'ry did begin,
Or holy Marriage yet was made a Sin;
A virtuous Pair there liv'd of *Aaron*'s Race,
Who did not their illuſtrious Stem diſgrace:
He *Zacharias* call'd, *Eliza* ſhe,
Renown'd for antient Faith, and Piety:
So fair their Life that no malicious Tongue
The Fame of either durſt attempt to Wrong.
All Bleſſings Heav'n, beſides an Heir, had ſent,
Since Heav'n deny'd, they were, without, Content.
As he with Incenſe did, and Pray'rs atone
Th' Almighty King for Errors not his own;
An Angel came in Curls of Incenſe down,
And promis'd him an unexpected Son.
Too big for Faith the News at firſt appear'd,
He asks a Sign, and his Requeſt is heard;
The Sign did his mild Puniſhment become,
Until the Angel's Word perform'd, remaining Dumb.

LXXIV.

St. Luke Chap. I. Ver. 11, 12, 13.

74

11. *There appeared unto him an angel of the Lord, ſtanding on the right ſide of the altar of incenſe.*

12. *And when* Zacharias *ſaw him, he was troubled, and fear fell upon him.*

13. *But the angel ſaid unto him,* Fear *not,* Zacharias: *for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife* Elizabeth *ſhall bear thee a ſon, and thou ſhalt call his name* John.

LXXV.

The Salutation of Elizabeth *to the Virgin* Mary.

WHen *Gabriel* had the wond'rous News convey'd
Of God incarnate to the ſacred Maid;
By him inſtructed, ſhe departs to ſee
The pregnant Wife of aged *Zacharie*.
Nor ſooner were their firſt Embraces done,
When thus *Elizabeth* inſpir'd begun:
Thrice Bleſs'd art thou, Belov'd and full of Grace,
Above our weakly Mother's frailer Race.
And bleſs'd the Fruit of thy illuſtrious Womb:
Why ſhou'd the Mother of my Saviour come
To viſit one beneath her leaſt regard?
When firſt thy Voice, thy dear-lov'd Voice I heard,
The Babe within me leap'd at ev'ry Word,
And Homage paid to his approaching Lord.
And bleſs'd is ſhe whoſe noble Faith like thine,
Yields full aſſent to Truth and Power divine;
No Sign requir'd, but gen'rouſly believ'd
His Word who can't deceive, nor be himſelf deceiv'd.

LXXV.

St. LUKE Chap. I. Ver. 42, 43, 44.

42. *She ſpake out with a loud voice, and ſaid, Bleſſed art thou among women, and bleſſed is the fruit of thy womb.*

43. *And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord ſhould come to me?*

44. *For lo, aſſoon as the voice of thy ſalutation ſounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy.*

LXXVI.

John nam'd, and Zacharias restor'd to his Speech.

AT length *Eliza* sees her destin'd Son,
Who must before the King of Glory run.
Seven Days, entire, he in her Bosom lies,
On th' eighth, as *Moses* bids, they circumcise:
The solemn festal Morn shone bright and fair,
They all things for the sacred Rite prepare;
Their Friends came crowding in, the Priest was there,
He bids 'em Name the Child, they all agree,
The Father's 'twas, it must be *Zachary*.
Inspir'd his Mother her Content deny'd,
They yield, the aged Sire the doubt decide.
He signs, a Table's brought, and he thereon
To their amazement writes— His Name is *JOHN*;
Tho' the Spectators were far more amaz'd,
When he with Voice restor'd, aloud th' Almighty prais'd.

LXXVI.

St. Luke Chap. I. Ver. 60, to 64.

60. *His mother anſwered and ſaid, Not ſo; but he ſhall be called* John.

61. *And they ſaid unto her, There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name.*

62. *And they made ſigns to his father, how he would have him called.*

63. *And he asked for a writing-table, and wrote, ſaying, His name is* John. *And they marvelled all.*

64. *And his mouth was opened immediately, and his tongue looſed, and he ſpake, and praiſed God.*

LXXVII.

LXXVII.

The Nativity of Chriſt declar'd by an Angel to Shepherds.

IN *Bethlehem*'s happy Regions, where of old
The Royal Shepherd wont his Flocks to fold,
The ſame Employ the Swains did waking keep,
From Thieves and mid-night Wolves to guard their Sheep.
The Queen of Night high mounted on her Throne,
Had now thro' half her ſilent Journey run,
When loe the Eaſt far lovelier Beams adorn,
Than guild the evening Clouds or riſing Morn;
And on a Globe of pure etherial Flame,
Deſcending ſlow, a heav'nly Courtier came:
Groveling on Earth, th' affrighted Swains he rears,
And bids 'em baniſh their miſtaken Fears,
Never ſuch cauſe of Joy; This happy Morn,
The promis'd Saviour of the World is born:
To *Bethlehem* haſte, you'll find him there, he ſaid,
Nurſt in a Cave, and in a Manger laid.
---Strait, Myriads of the heav'nly Hoſt appear,
And crowd with ſhining Forms, the Hemiſphere;
This Anthem ſung by all the Quire above,
GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH, TO MORTALS PEACE AND LOVE.

LXXVII.

St. LUKE Chap. II. Ver. 10, to 14.

77.

10. *The angel ſaid unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which ſhall be to all people.*

11. *For unto you is born this day in the city of* David, *a Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord.*

12. *And this ſhall be a ſign unto you; Ye ſhall find the babe wrapped in ſwadling clothes, lying in a manger.*

13. *And ſuddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly hoſt praiſing God, and ſaying,*

14. *Glory to God in the higheſt, and on earth peace, good will towards men.*

LXXVIII.

Jeſus in the Manger, viſited by the Shepherds.

WITH Joy and Wonder fill'd, the Shepherds run,
At early Dawn to ſeek a brighter Sun
Than e're before enlighten'd mortal Eyes:
But O! aſtoniſh'd Heavens! ſee where he lies!
That Voice which ſhakes the Poles, to Infant-cries
Is now contracted; thoſe Almighty Hands
Which launch th' unerring Thunder, wrapt in feeble Bands:
And he who turn'd the ſhining Orbs above,
Which, as his Nod preſcribes 'em, ſtand or move;
When he comes down our ruin'd World to ſave,
Is ſhelter'd in a Stable, and a Cave.
By him his Virgin-Mother watching there,
Nothing beſides her Son, on Earth ſo fair.
O what a ſight! with new and ſtrange amaze,
Well may the Shepherds look, when Angels gaze.
They ſaw, and ſlowly part, and what they found,
They ſoon diſperſe th' aſtoniſh'd Land around:
With Hymns from Seraphs learnt, his Name they raiſe,
Whom holy Souls adore, Fiends dread, and Angels praiſe.

LXXVIII.

St. Luke Chap. II. Ver. 15, 16, 17.

78.

15. *The ſhepherds ſaid one to another, let us now go even unto* Bethlehem, *and ſee this thing which is come to paſs, which the Lord hath made known unto us.*

16. *And they came with haſte, and found* Mary *and* Joſeph, *and the babe lying in the manger.*

17. *And when they had ſeen it, they made known abroad the ſaying which was told them concerning this child.*

LXXIX.

Our Saviour preſented, and good old Simeon's *Nunc dimittis.*

NOW to the Temple they our Lord convey,
Two Turtle-Doves, as *Moſes* bids, to pay:
When loe an aged Sire accoſts 'em there,
Simeon his Name, his Head with ſilver Hair
Was venerably crown'd, whoſe pious Zeal
To recompenſe, an Angel did reveal,
He ſhou'd not die, nor cou'd he freely reſt
Until his Saviour's ſight his Eyes had bleſt.
He came, in his glad Arms the Child he takes
With Tears of Joy, and thus his ſilence breaks.
—Lord let thy Servant now in Peace depart,
Whoſe aged Eyes have ſeen what Joys his Heart:
Thy wiſh'd Salvation, now no more confin'd
To *Judah*'s Land, or *Jacob*'s choſen Kind;
But for the univerſal Globe prepar'd,
To be alike by all the Faithful ſhar'd:
A Light to Gentiles, who in darkneſs dwell,
The Glory and the Pride of thy lov'd *Iſrael.*

LXXIX.

St. Luke Chap. II. Ver. 28, to 32.

28. Simeon *took him up in his arms, and bleſſed God, and ſaid,*

29. *Lod, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, according to thy word.*

30. *For mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation:*

31. *Which thou haſt prepared before the face of all people:*

32. *A light to lighten the gentiles, and the glory of thy people* Iſrael.

LXXX.

Jesus found Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple.

WHen Childhood past, and blooming Youth begun,
Unto the sacred Town their Heav'n-born Son
His pious Parents brought, a glorious Guest,
Himself the Lamb, to their great Paschal Feast.
To God's high Temple he did soon repair,
Not unimploy'd, nor idly gazing there,
But went where learned *Hillel* fill'd the Chair;
High rais'd the Sanhedrim and Doctors round,
Below th' attentive Audience on the Ground:
Silent a while our Saviour sat, but rose
At length, and did his weighty Doubts propose.
The Reverend Fathers with amazement heard,
His stronger Judgment to their own preferr'd:
Here, by his careful Parents found, who mourn'd
His Loss, and searching to the Town return'd:
His Mother asks him, Why so long he staid,
And both uneasy with his absence made?
---Why shou'd you seek me, he replys; And where
But to my Father's House shou'd I repair,
In whose bless'd Service I my Hours have spent?
Amaz'd they silent stood, unknowing what he meant.

LXXX.

St. LUKE Chap. II. Ver. 46, to 49.

46. *They found him in the temple, ſitting in the midſt of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them queſtions.*

47. *And all that heard him were aſtoniſhed at his underſtanding and anſwers.*

48. *And when they ſaw him, they were amazed: and his mother ſaid unto him, Son, why haſt thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have ſought thee ſorrowing.*

49. *And he ſaid unto them, How is it that ye ſought me? wiſt ye not that I muſt be about my father's buſineſs?*

LXXXI.

Promiſe to the Diſciples that they ſhall be Fiſhers of Men.

TRacing the Lake, on utmoſt Verge of Land,
Two fiſhing Barks, their Crew upon the Sand
Waſhing their Nets our Saviour did perceive,
But *Simon* wou'd not his ſmall Veſſel leave;
Caſting his Net, tho' ſtill without ſucceſs:
Our Saviour whom the num'rous Crowd did preſs,
Enters his Bark, and bids no longer keep
Th' unfaithful Sholes, but launch and try the Deep.
What can we hope, he ſays, but fruitleſs Pain,
Where all the Night, we've toil'd, and toil'd in vain?
Yet at thy Word we'll try, and as he ſpake
They caſt, and ſuch a num'rous Draught they take,
As did almoſt unpeople half the Lake:
The glutted Net, as o're the waſte 'tis hal'd,
Breaks with the bulk; his Partners *Simon* call'd,
And both their Boats they fill'd unto the Brink,
Till over-freighted both begin to ſink:
Aſtoniſh'd, *Peter* kneel'd, and thus began,
Depart from me, for I'm a ſinful Man!
Fear not, but follow me, our Lord replys,
Henceforth you Men ſhall take, their Souls a nobler Prize.

LXXXI.

St. Luke Chap. V. Ver. 8, 9, 10.

8. *When* Simon Peter *ſaw it, he fell down at Jeſus knees, ſaying, Depart from me, for I am a ſinful man, O Lord.*

9. *For he was aſtoniſhed, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fiſhes which they had taken:*

10. *And ſo was alſo* James *and* John *the ſons of* Zebedee, *which were partners with* Simon. *And Jeſus ſaid unto* Simon, *Fear not; from henceforth thou ſhalt catch men.*

LXXXII.

The Widow's dead Son reſtor'd to Life.

AS he thro' *Galilee* his Courſe did bend,
And on his ſteps uncounted Crowds attend.
A Crowd as large, they meet at *Naim*'s Gate,
The empty'd Town on a ſad Coarſe did wait;
His Mother's only Son while Life was left,
Of her dear Conſort long before bereft:
A mournful Pomp, ſolemn they march and ſlow,
Tho' faſt the Tears from ev'ry Eye did flow;
His Mother's moſt, nor hop'd, nor wiſh'd Relief,
Or Eaſe for her intolerable Grief:
Death only this, and Death ſhe did implore,
Since that wou'd her to her lov'd Son reſtore.
With tender Pity mov'd-- Lament no more,
Our Saviour ſaid, then fix'd his Hands and Eyes
Upon the Bier, and bids the Youth ariſe:
From Death he roſe, and robb'd th' expecting Grave,
And him our Lord to his glad Mother gave:
Th' aſtoniſh'd People all were fill'd with dread,
And round the bord'ring Coaſts the wond'rous Tidings ſpred.

LXXXII.

St. Luke Chap. VII. Ver. 12, to 15.

12. *Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only ſon of his mother, and ſhe was a widow: and much people of the city was with her.*

13. *And when the Lord ſaw her, he had compaſſion on her, and ſaid unto her, Weep not.*

14. *And he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him ſtood ſtill; and he ſaid, Young man, I ſay unto thee, Ariſe.*

15. *And he that was dead ſat up, and began to ſpeak: and he delivered him to his mother.*

LXXXIII.

Chriſt's Feet anointed by a ſinful but penitent Woman.

RIch *Simon* did a ſplendid Feaſt provide,
Nor there his Company our Lord deny'd;
A Woman heard and weeping enter'd in,
Whoſe vitious Soul had long been ſtain'd with Sin.
Behind ſhe kneel'd, as one who dar'd not meet
Our Saviour's Eyes, and waſh'd with Tears his Feet,
Then ſoftly dries 'em with her lovely Hair,
And trembling kiſs'd; nor this her only Care,
Them with rich Oyl anoints. Who made the Feaſt
Thus cenſures to himſelf his heav'nly Gueſt:
Had he a Prophet been, he'd ne're endure
The Touch of one ſo ſinful and impure:
Our Lord who reads his inmoſt Thoughts as plain
As he himſelf, to *Simon* thus began:
---A Creditor two Debtors chanc'd to have,
Inſolvent both, and frankly both forgave:
The greater ow'd five hundred Pence, the leaſt
But fifty: tell me which will love him beſt:
He whom he moſt forgave, his Hoſt reply'd.
Our Lord--- Thou rightly doſt the Caſe decide:
This Woman's Sins were great, her Love was more,
And thus, I Peace to her repenting Soul reſtore.

LXXXIII.

St. Luke Chap. VII. Ver. 37, 38, 39.

37. *Behold, a woman in the city, which was a ſinner, when ſhe knew that Jeſus ſat at meat in the Phariſee's houſe, brought an alabaſter-box of ointment.*

38. *And ſtood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to waſh his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kiſſed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.*

39. *Now when the Phariſee which had bidden him, ſaw it, he ſpake within himſelf, ſaying, This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for ſhe is a ſinner.*

LXXXIV.

The Patient bearing of the Croſs enjoyn'd to the Diſciples.

OUR Lord his Paſſion to the Twelve declares,
And thus againſt approaching Ills prepares.
---No golden Dreams of Pleaſure entertain,
Vain Fantoms all, your flatt'ring Hopes are vain.
If you'd my Crown, you muſt my Suff'rings ſhare,
Who wou'd come after me his Croſs muſt bear;
Altho' a ſhameful 'tis, and pond'rous Load,
And mark with Tracks of Blood the thorny Road.
Who e're his Maſter thus to own denies,
Who e're inglorious from the Combat flies;
Him will I juſtly at the laſt great Day
Renounce, and ſend to endleſs Flames away:
But him who boldly me confeſſes here
When in my Father's Glory I appear,
Thron'd on his bliſsful Side the Angels near,
Him there I'll own, my faithful Friends confeſs'd,
Before th' unnumber'd Hoſts, and Myriads of the Bleſs'd.

LXXXIV.

St. Luke Chap. IX. Ver. 23, to 26.

23. *If any man will come after me, let him deny himſelf, and take up his croſs daily and follow me.*

24. *For whoſoever will ſave his life, ſhall loſe it: but whoſoever will loſe his life for my ſake, the ſame ſhall ſave it.*

25. *For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and loſe himſelf, or be caſt away?*

26. *For whoſoever ſhall be aſhamed of me and of my words, of him ſhall the Son of man be aſhamed, when he ſhall come in his own glory and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.*

LXXXV.

The Traveller falling among Thieves.

A Captious Lawyer tempts our Lord in vain,
And asks the way eternal Bliſs to gain.
What does the ſacred Page you teach contain,
Returns our Lord? To whom he thus rejoyn'd,
We there are taught with Heart, and Soul, and Mind,
With utmoſt Strength and Thoughts, united Pow'r,
To love th' All-High, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Our Neighbour as ourſelf, there needs no more.
Our Lord again replies; obſerve but this,
Thou canſt not fail of everlaſting Bliſs.
He queſtions ſtill--- but who my Neighbour is?
When Jeſus thus, a Trav'ler once went down
To *Jericho*, from *Salem*'s ſacred Town:
A hollow Vale between two Thickets lay,
Where ruthleſs Men, the fierceſt Beaſts of Prey
In Covert lurk'd, him there they ſeiz'd and bound,
And rifling left with many a ghaſtly Wound,
(For ſmall their Booty was) expiring on the Ground.

LXXXV.

St. Luke Chap. X. Ver. 25, to 30.

25. *A lawyer ſtood up, and tempted him ſaying, Maſter, what ſhall I do to inherit eternal life,* &c.

29. *But he willing to juſtifie himſelf, ſaid unto Jeſus, And who is my neighbour?*

30. *And Jeſus anſwering, ſaid, A certain man went down from* Jeruſalem *to* Jericho, *and fell among thieves, which ſtripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half-dead.*

LXXXVI.

The Prieſt, the Levite, *and the charitable* Samaritan.

A Prieſt as chanc'd came next along the way
And ſaw where in his Blood he welt'ring lay,
But far from home, to help him could not ſtay.
A *Levite* next a glance of Pity caſt,
But that was all, without Aſſiſtance paſt.
Not ſo the third, who from *Samaria* drew
His hated Birth; the wounded wretch he knew;
Mov'd with Compaſſion went and rais'd his Head,
Recall'd his fainting Spirits but newly fled
With Cordial-Drops, his frightful Wounds he found,
Rich Oyl and Wine infus'd, and gently bound;
On his own Beaſt did to his Inn convey,
And promis'd, what the Hoſt expends, to pay.
--Which of the three who on the Road did paſs,
Which, think you, the poor Trav'ler's Neighbour was?
--The Lawyer-- He who found him on the Road,
And to the wounded Wretch, Compaſſion ſhow'd:
Go thou and do the ſame, our Lord rejoyn'd,
And Mercy ſhow to *all*, as you wou'd Mercy find.

LXXXVI.

St. Luke Chap. X. Ver. 31, to 34.

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31. *By chance there came down a certain prieſt that way; and when he ſaw him, he paſſed by on the other ſide.*

32. *And likewiſe a* Levite, *when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and paſſed by on the other ſide.*

33. *But a certain* Samaritan, *as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he ſaw him, he had compaſſion on him,*

34. *And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oyl and wine, and ſet him on his own beaſt, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.*

LXXXVII.

Martha *entertains Chriſt. One Thing needful.*

NOW, with his Twelve, the noiſy Town he leaves,
And *Martha* them at *Bethany* receives;
Solicitous her Gueſt to entertain,
While *Mary* ſtill did at his Feet remain,
And heard his Words; her Siſter did complain
That unemploy'd, ſhe did for nothing care,
But all the Toil and Buſineſs left to her;
Entreats he'd bid her from his Feet begone,
Nor her unkindly leave to ſerve alone.
To whom our Saviour mildly thus rejoyn'd,
—How many things my Friend, diſturb your mind!
How little frugal Nature will ſuffice!
What Pains and Care for needleſs Luxuries!
One thing is needful, O let that be ſure,
The way to Bliſs that ever ſhall endure;
But *Mary* doth with happier Judgment chooſe,
Hers is the better part, which ſhe ſhall never loſe.

LXXXVII.

St. Luke Chap. X. Ver. 38, to 42.

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38. Martha *received him into her houſe.*

39. *And ſhe had a ſiſter called* Mary, *which alſo ſat at Jeſus feet, and heard his word.*

40. *But* Martha *was cumbred about much ſerving, and came to him, and ſaid, Lord, doſt thou not care that my ſiſter hath left me to ſerve alone? bid her therefore that ſhe help me.*

41. *And Jeſus anſwered, and ſaid unto her,* Martha, Martha, *thou art careful, and troubled about many things:*

42. *But one thing is needful. And* Mary *hath choſen that good part.*

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

The Rich Miſer ſuddenly deſtroy'd.

A Wealthy Churl there was, who car'd for none
Beſides himſelf, and liv'd upon his own;
From whoſe large Fields when plenteous Crops were giv'n,
He thank'd his Dung and Ploughs, but ne're thank'd Heav'n.
So overgrown at length his hoarded Store,
The crowded Granaries wou'd hold no more.
With all his Fruits and Goods, what ſhall he do?
He'll pull down his old Barns, and build 'em new;
To theſe enlarg'd, he bids his Corn be led,
And thus unto his ſordid Soul he ſaid,
—Soul, take thine Eaſe! I for the beſt adviſe,
We're Rich enough, and therefore muſt be Wiſe:
We ne're can want, give to the Winds thy Fears,
We've Corn and Gold laid up for many Years.
We'll eat and drink, and revel every Day,
Conſcience we'll drown, and chaſe our Cares away.
When loe a Voice like Thunder, ſtrikes his Ear
From Heav'n, which ne're before he knew to Fear,
"Thou Fool! this Night's thy laſt, and when thou'rt gone,
"Then, whoſe is all that Wealth thou now miſ-call'ſt thy own?

LXXXVIII.

St. LUKE Chap. XII. Ver. 17, to 20.

17. *He thought within himſelf, ſaying, What ſhall I do, becauſe I have no room where to beſtow my fruits?*

18. *And he ſaid, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I beſtow all my fruits and my goods.*

19. *And I will ſay to my ſoul, Soul, thou haſt much goods laid up for many years; take thine eaſe, eat, drink, and be merry.*

20. *But God ſaid unto him, Thou fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee.*

LXXXIX.

Works of Charity break not the Sabbath.

THE Sabbath came, a Ruler calls our Lord,
And ſeats him at his hoſpitable Board:
A crowd of Phariſees and Lawyers went,
And plac'd themſelves around with curſt intent,
To watch each Word, that him they might betray,
And at his Feet a poor Infirm they lay,
Swoln with the Dropſy; nor unknown their ſpite
To him who ſees thro' deepeſt ſhades of Night.
Who ſounds 'em thus--- Maſters of *Iſrael!* ſay,
Is't juſt to Heal on the ſeventh ſacred Day?
In doubtful ſilence they their Thoughts conceal'd,
He touch'd th' Infirm, and as he touch'd he heal'd;
Then thus reſumes his Speech--- Which of you All,
Whoſe Ox or Aſs into a Pit ſhall fall,
Struggling for Life, wou'd not, without delay,
Draw him from thence, tho' on the Sabbath Day?
Confounded with the Force of Truth they ſtand,
None cou'd a Word return to anſwer his Demand.

LXXXIX.

St. LUKE Chap. XIV. Ver 3, 4, 5, 6.

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3. *Jeſus ſpake unto the lawyers and Phariſees, ſaying, Is it lawful to heal on the ſabbath-day?*

4. *And they held their peace. And he took him, and healed him, and let him go:*

5. *And anſwered them, ſaying, Which of you ſhall have an aſs, or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not ſtraitway pull him out on the ſabbath-day?*

6. *And they could not anſwer him again to theſe things.*

XC.

The Gueſts invited to the great Supper excuſe themſelves.

A Lord there was who made a ſplendid Feaſt,
Inviting thither many a thankleſs Gueſt;
But to accept his Kindneſs all deny'd,
This pleads his Oxen, that his Farm and Bride.
The Servants come, and to their Maſter ſhow
Th' unkind Returns they met; he bids 'em go
Thro' all the Streets and Lanes, whome're they find,
Inviting in; the Poor, the Lame, the Blind.
They did, with joyful haſte th' Invited come,
Yet in his ample Palace ſtill was room:
Again he ſends to ſearch the Country round,
The Hedges and High-ways, and all they found
With an obliging force his Gueſts to make,
His Houſe to fill, and no denial take:
Since thoſe who firſt were call'd, their Doom was paſt,
Nor one of thoſe Ungrate ſhould of his Banquet taſt.

XC.

St. LUKE Chap. XIV. Ver. 18, to 21.

18. *They all with one conſent began to make excuſe. The firſt ſaid unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I muſt needs go and ſee it: I pray thee have me excuſed.*

19. *And another ſaid, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excuſed.*

20. *And another ſaid, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.*

21. *Then the maſter of the houſe being angry, ſaid to his ſervant, Go out quickly into the ſtreets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.*

XCI.

The Parables of the loſt Sheep, and piece of Silver.

A Hundred Sheep of pond'rous Fleece and Train,
A Shepherd fed on *Dothan*'s fertile Plain.
Each Morn his Flock, and late at Ev'n ſurvey'd,
And mark'd with Care if ought diſeas'd or ſtray'd:
Yet one, by hopes of better Paſture led
To diſtant barren Deſarts wand'ring fled:
Soon miſs'd, the Shepherd ranges Hills and Dales,
O're craggy hanging Rocks and hollow Vales.
Till he at length th' unhappy Straggler find,
. . . . . .
Too faint to go, 'tis on his Shoulders laid,
And to the Fold again with Joy convey'd;
His Friends, and Neighbours are invited round,
All muſt rejoyce, the wand'ring Sheep is found.
Such Joy in Heav'n receives each friendly Mind,
(Not unconcern'd at Cares of human Kind)
When one poor Sinner here, whoſe Loſs they mourn'd,
To Virtue's ſhining Paths, and to himſelf return'd.

XCI.

St. Luke Chap. XV. Ver. 4, 5, 6.

4. *What man of you having an hundred ſheep, if he loſe one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderneſs, and go after that which is loſt, until he find it?*

5. *And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his ſhoulders, rejoycing.*

6. *And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, ſaying unto them, Rejoyce with me, for I have found my ſheep which was loſt.*

XCII.

The prodigal Son leaves his Father's Houſe.

A Good old Sire there was, whom Age and Cares,
Had bleſs'd with Wealth, and crown'd with ſilver Hairs.
Two Sons he had, this careful of the Main,
The younger, wild, extravagant and vain;
Yet he the Darling; which too well he knew,
And only did his Sports and Mirth purſue.
But tir'd at laſt with Home, he longs for change,
His Pleaſures now muſt have a larger range:
His Portion giv'n, he'll not a moment ſtay,
But to far diſtant Regions ſpeeds away.
See him encompaſs'd round with Harlots ſtand,
How faſt he makes his Fathers Bags disband!
As faſt diſmiſs'd his Conſcience and his Shame,
Learns to Treat high, to Revel, and to Game:
See him to Balls, and Masks, and Muſick run,
To THEATRES at laſt, and then he's *ſoon* undone.

CXII.

St. LUKE Chap. XV. Ver. 11, 12, 13.

11. *A certain man had two ſons:*

12. *And the younger of them ſaid to his father,* Father, *give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.*

13. *And not many days after, the younger ſon gathered all together, and took a journey into a far countrey, and there waſted his ſubſtance with riotous living.*

XCIII.

The prodigal Son reduc'd to Miſery.

WHen all was ſpent, a dreadful Famine roſe,
And to a wealthy Citizen he goes;
Who weary'd ſoon, deſires his Friend's excuſe,
One Place he had, which he muſt not refuſe
Till better fell, 'twou'd ſerve in Time of need,
And many ſought it-- 'twas his Swine to feed.
What cannot fatal want of Bread perſuade!
Tho' Bluſhes his ingenuous Shame betray'd,
He takes the ſervile Task, and waits the Swine,
While they on envy'd Husks and Acorns dine.
Till theſe ſuffic'd, he at a diſtance ſtood,
Half-famiſh'd wiſh'd to ſhare their ſordid Food.
When loe! of heav'nly Light a chearful Ray,
To his dark Breaſt reſtor'd forgotten Day:
To mind his injur'd Father's Image brought,
And once, dear Home, a ſadly pleaſing Thought;
He'll thither ſtrait, if him his Limbs will bear,
And periſh if he muſt, reſolve to periſh there.

XCIII.

St. LUKE Chap. XV. Ver. 16, to 19.

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16. *He would fain have filled his belly with the huſks that the ſwine did eat: and no man gave unto him.*

17. *And when he came to himſelf, he ſaid, How many hired ſervants of my father's have bread enough and to ſpare, and I periſh with hunger?*

18. *I will ariſe and go to my father, and will ſay unto him, Father I have ſinned againſt heaven, and before thee,*

19. *And am no more worthy to be called thy ſon: make me as one of thy hired ſervants.*

CXIV.

The Prodigal returns: his reception by his Father.

HIS Father ſaw him as he came, and ran,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd, and thus the Son began:
—O Father! if 'tis lawful yet to claim
An Int'reſt in that dear, that injur'd Name,
So great my Crimes againſt both Heav'n and thee;
A Son no more, a Servant let me be!
Too big the Parent's Joy to be expreſt,
My Son, he cry'd, and ſpake in Tears the reſt.
For ſordid Rags in ſplendid Robes he's dreſs'd.
A Banquet for his welcom they prepare,
Nor want harmonious Songs and Muſic there:
His Brother weary from the Field came home,
And Sounds of Joy he heard in ev'ry Room,
Wond'ring the Cauſe, he asks, which when he knew,
He from the Gates with Indignation flew,
His Father pleads, but more enrag'd he grew;
" If thus a Prodigal muſt treated be,
" Who wou'd be careful and a Slave like me?
The Father thus--- To thee my ALL I give;
Long ſince, thy Brother did his Share receive:
His ſecond Birth-day ſhou'd with Joy be crown'd,
Tho' Dead and Loſt in Vice, he's now Alive, and Found.

XCIV.

St. Luke Chap. XV. Ver. 20, 21, 22.

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20. *He aroſe, and came to his father, But when he was yet a great way off, his father ſaw him, and had compaſſion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kiſſed him.*

21. *And the ſon ſaid unto him, Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and in thy ſight, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon.*

22. *But the father ſaid to his ſervants, Bring forth the beſt robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and ſhoes on his feet.*

XCV.

The Parable of the unjuſt Steward.

A Lord there was whoſe Steward prov'd unjuſt,
His Goods he waſted, and abus'd his Truſt;
He bids him ſtrait for his Accounts prepare,
What ſhall he do-- perplex'd with anxious Care,
Whither to go when him his Lord diſclaim'd;
He cannot Dig, and is to Beg aſham'd?
At length, reſolv'd, he takes the wiſeſt way,
And thus provides againſt a rainy Day:
For all his Maſter's Debtors ſtrait he ſent,
And ask'd 'em what they ow'd in Goods or Rent:
The Firſt a Hundred Pound, he bids him take
His Bill with ſpeed, and only Fifty make.
The reſt the like:-- ſo worldly-wiſe are thoſe
Who here their Treaſure and their Hopes repoſe:
Not ſo the genuin Sons of Light appear,
Born to be injur'd, trick'd, and cheated here.
Yet they from hence may learn, and Friends ſecure,
Which ſhall beyond this ſhort-liv'd World endure;
With earthly Mammon thoſe in want relieve,
Who on the Bounds of Bliſs, ſhall them with Joy receive.

XCV.

St. Luke Chap. XVI. Ver. 3, to 9.

95

3. *The ſteward ſaid within himſelf, What ſhall I do? for my lord taketh away from me the ſtewardſhip: I cannot dig, to beg I am aſhamed.*

4. *I am reſolved what to do, that when I am put out of the ſtewardſhip, they may receive me into their houſes.*

5. *So he called every one of his lords debters unto him, and ſaid unto the firſt, How much oweſt thou unto my lord?*

6. *And he ſaid, An hundred meaſures of oyl. And he ſaid unto him, Take thy bill, and ſit down quickly, and write fifty,* &c.

XCVI.

XCVI.

The Parable of the rich Glutton and Lazarus.

A Lord there was of vaſt Eſtate and Pride,
Whoſe Robes in *Tyrian* Purple doubly dy'd;
Whoſe Linen, nice and coſtly as his Fare,
Might well with thoſe of Eaſtern Kings compare:
Ah! how unlike, a Wretch who at his Gate,
Cover'd with Ulcers, for an Alms did wait,
But waits in vain, nor wou'd they him afford
The broken Reliques of their feſtal Board:
At length he dies, and free'd from Pain and Care,
Kind Angels him to *Abr'ham*'s Boſom bear:
Nor cou'd the other's Wealth exempt from Fate,
He dies, and greedy Fiends his *exit* wait:
From the dark Pit of Pain he rais'd his Eyes,
Abr'ham and *Laz'rus* ſees in Paradiſe;
One drop of Water thence in vain deſires,
To cool his Tongue, when ſcorch'd amidſt infernal Fires.

XCVI.

St. LUKE Chap. XVI. Ver. 19, to 24.

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19. *There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple, and fine linen, and fared ſumptuouſly every day.*

20. *And there was a certain begger named* Lazarus, *which was laid at his gate full of ſores,*

21. *And deſiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his ſores.*

22. *And it came to paſs that the begger died, and was carried by the angels into* Abraham's *boſom: the rich man alſo died, and was buried.*

23. *And in hell he lift up his eyes, &c.*

XCVII.

Ten Lepers cleanſed: the Samaritan *only returns thanks.*

A Village which did *Galilee* divide
From more abhorr'd *Samaria*'s Northern ſide,
By chance receiv'd our Lord, as he came down,
From his own Fields, for *Salem*'s ſacred Town:
Ten Lepers, an impure and odious Band,
Deſcry'd him entring; they at diſtance ſtand,
And— Jeſus, Maſter, Help, aloud they cry;
He bids 'em to the Prieſts themſelves apply:
Nor ſooner they the Road for *Salem* took,
But them the ſtubborn Malady forſook:
One of the Ten who ſaw himſelf reſtor'd,
Return'd immediate, and our Lord ador'd:
He prais'd th' All-High for his mirac'lous Grace,
Tho' he of curs'd *Samaria*'s hated Race.
Something of Wonder thus our Lord expreſt,
Were not Ten cleans'd, but where are all the reſt?
Not one but this poor Stranger Glory gives
To God's Great Name, from whom he Health receives.
—Thy Faith has ſav'd thee, I thy Soul releaſe
From all its Sins and Fears, and bid thee— *Go in Peace.*

XCVII.

St. Luke Chap. XVII. Ver. 12, to 17.

97

12. *There met him ten lepers*, &c.

14. *And when he ſaw them, he ſaid unto them, Go ſhew your ſelves unto the prieſts. And it came to paſs, that as they went, they were cleanſed.*

15. *And one of them, when he ſaw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified* God,

16. *And fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks: and he was a* Samaritan.

17. *And Jeſus anſwering ſaid, Were not ten cleanſed? but where are the nine?*

XCVIII.

The Phariſee and Publican go to pray in the Temple.

TWO Suppliants to the Temple did repair,
T' atone high Heav'n with Sacrifice and Pray'r.
The one a Phariſee, who thus begins,
And boaſts his Virtues, but forgets his Sins.
—I thank thee Lord! a Veſſel of thy Grace,
Unlike th' abhorr'd and reprobated Race,
Unlike this Publican, that I am free
From fowl Extortion, and Adultery.
To cheat thy Prieſts of Tithes I ne're was known,
And Faſt, for others Sins, but not my own.
Far off, the Publican, dejected ſtays,
His guilty Eyes to Heav'n he dares not raiſe,
But thus, contrite, with trembling Voice and low,
—O God! to me a Sinner, mercy ſhow.
This humble Penitent acceptance gain'd,
While the proud Phariſee in Wrath and Sin remain'd.

XCVIII.

St. Luke Chap. XVIII. Ver. 10, to 13.

98

10. *Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Phariſee, and the other a Publican.*

11. *The Phariſee ſtood and prayed thus with himſelf, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjuſt, adulterers, or even as this Publican.*

12. *I faſte twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I poſſeſs.*

13. *And the Publican ſtanding afar off, would not lift up ſo much as his eyes unto heaven, but ſmote upon his breaſt, ſaying, God be merciful to me a ſinner.*

XCIX.

The blind Man receives his Sight.

AS lab'ring Bees a doubtful murmur make,
Whoſe num'rous Troops their waxen Towns forſake;
With ſuch a Noiſe vaſt Crowds our Lord attend,
When he to *Jericho* his ſteps did bend.
This heard, a Wretch depriv'd of Sight, who ſate,
To ask an Alms of thoſe who paſs'd the Gate;
At whoſe Requeſt the Standers-by declare
The Cauſe, and tell him that our Lord was there:
O Son of *David*, help! aloud he cry'd;
His clam'rous Importunity they chide,
Yet he perſiſts, till him our Lord did hear,
And bids 'em bring him; whom approaching near,
He asks, what wilt thou? he again replies,
Lord, ſince thou canſt, reſtore me my dear Eyes:
'Tis granted, Jeſus ſaid, receive thy Sight,
When ſtrait his Eye-balls feel the cheerful Light;
Our Lord he follow'd, who had him reſtor'd,
And he and all that ſaw, prais'd, wonder'd, and ador'd.

XCIX.

St. LUKE Chap. XVIII. Ver. 35, to the End.

99

35. *A blind man ſat by the way-ſide begging.*

38. *And he cried, ſaying, Jeſus, thou Son of* David, *have mercy on me.*

42. *Jeſus ſaid unto him, Receive thy ſight: thy faith hath ſaved thee.*

43. *And immediately he received his ſight, and followed him, glorifying God: and all the people when they ſaw it, gave praiſe unto God.*

C.

Zaccheus *the believing Publican.*

OF Stature low, *Zaccheus* cou'd not ſee
Our Lord amidſt the Preſs, but climbs a Tree
That grac'd the Road; as near it Jeſus paſt,
He ſaw him there, and bids deſcend with haſt,
This day he at his Houſe muſt be a Gueſt.
With Joy and Speed he comes and him receives,
The envious Crowd around repines and grieves:
Why ſhou'd a Prophet with his preſence grace
A Sinner, of the Gentiles faithleſs Race!
When to our Lord *Zaccheus* thus begins,
Struck with a deep remorſe of all his Sins:
To thoſe I've wrong'd, I more than Thrice reſtore,
And half my Goods I give to feed the Poor.
To whom our Lord—— Ev'n thou of *Abraham*'s Line,
Salvation's offer'd to thy ſelf and thine;
For this I came, thoſe whom my Father gave,
Loſt in a ſinful World to ranſom, ſeek and ſave.

C.

C.

St. Luke Chap. XIX. Ver. 3, to 6.

3. Zaccheus *ſought to ſee Jeſus who he was, and could not for the preſs, becauſe he was little of ſtature.*

4. *And he ran before, and climbed up into a ſycomore-tree to ſee him; for he was to paſs that way.*

5. *And when Jeſus came to the place, he looked up and ſaw him, and ſaid unto* Zaccheus, *Make haſte, and come down; for to day I muſt abide at thy houſe.*

6. *And he made haſte, and came down, and received him joyfully.*

CI.

Signs of the coming of the Son of Man in Glory.

TH' Apoſtles ask our Lord what Signs portend
His coming, and the World's approaching End:
He thus— Impoſtors firſt ſhall riſe, and claim
A Title to the Great *Meſſiah*'s Name:
Rumours of Wars the guilty World affright,
Prodigious Signs, and many a fearful Sight
Glare in the Heav'ns, the Sun to darkneſs turn,
The Moon and Stars, as cloth'd in Sackcloth mourn;
The firmeſt Hearts ſhall fail with anxious Pain
For Ills they feel, and Ills that yet remain:
Well may the Earth with horrid murmurs quake,
When ev'n the Pow'rs of Heav'n themſelves ſhall ſhake:
With fervent Heat the Elements ſhall flow,
Yon azure Vault with ruddy Vengeance glow:
Then when the guilty World diſſolves for fear,
Look up with Joy for your Redemption's near:
Then ſhall you ſee the Son of Man appear
Amidſt the Clouds, the World's Great Judge confeſs'd,
Circled with glitt'ring Hoſts, and Myriads of the Bleſs'd.

CI.

CI.

St. LUKE Chap. XXI. Ver. 25, 26, 27.

25. *There ſhall be ſigns in the ſun, and in the moon, and in the ſtars; and upon the earth diſtreſs of nations, with perplexity, the ſea and the waves roaring;*

26. *Mens hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after thoſe things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven ſhall be ſhaken.*

27. *And then they ſhall ſee the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory.*

CII.

Christ's Agony. He is strengthen'd by an Angel.

'TWas dead of Night and thro' the solemn Shade,
The Moon a faint and doubtful glimm'ring made,
When in the Garden Jesus kneel'd and pray'd:
—O Father! O, if possible it be,
(Unbounded Might! what is not so to Thee?)
Remove this Cup, this bitter Cup away,
But since 'tis thine to order, mine t' obey,
Father, *thy Will be done*, still did he pray;
While faint, large Sweats, as in the doubtful Strife
Betwixt encroaching Death and lab'ring Life;
As watry Mists the Sun, enwrapt him round,
Then roll'd in sanguine Drops upon the Ground,
When loe, a heav'nly Watcher cleaves the Air,
As Lightning swift, as Love or Mercy, fair;
Descending from the Chariot of a Cloud,
Where kneel'd our Saviour, thrice he lowly bow'd;
Then his oppress'd Humanity sustains,
And strengthens him against approaching greater Pains.

CII.

St. LUKE Chap. XXII. Ver. 41, to 44.

102

41. *He kneeled down and prayed,*

42. *Saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheleſs, not my will, but thine be done.*

43. *And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, ſtrengthening him.*

44. *And being in an agony, he prayed more earneſtly: and his ſweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.*

CIII.

Our Saviour carried first to Pilate, *then to* Herod.

OUR Lord betray'd, the Crowd to *Pilate* bring,
And plead he ſought to make himſelf a King;
Herded with factious *Galilean* Jews,
And Tribute unto *Cæſar* did refuſe.
Examin'd, when no Cauſe of Death he found,
The Governour to *Herod* ſends him bound.
Receiv'd with Joy, the Tyrant hop'd that He
Some long expected Miracles ſhou'd ſee:
Silent he ſtood, the Guards deſpis'd and ſcorn'd,
And him blaſphem'd, in Royal Robes adorn'd:
To *Pilate* brought again, he calls the Jews,
Who nothing prove, tho' ſtrongly they accuſe;
Fain wou'd the Governour have him releas'd,
Since One he always did at their Great Feaſt;
They Mercy to themſelves and him deny,
No other Voice is heard, but Crucifie!
Thoſe Wretches to the Lord of Life prefer
A black Seditious and a Murderer.
At length the facile Governor's o'recome,
He mounts the Judgment-Seat, and there pronounc'd his Doom.

CIII.

St. LUKE Chap. XXIII. Ver. 3, to 24.

103

3. Pilate *aſked him ſaying, Art thou the king of the Jews? And he anſwered him and ſaid, Thou ſayeſt it.*

4. *Then ſaid* Pilate *to the chief prieſts and to the people, I find no fault in this man,* &c.

15. *No, nor yet* Herod: *for I ſent you to him, and lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him,* &c.

21. *But they cried, ſaying, Crucifie him, crucifie him,* &c.

24. *And* Pilate *gave ſentence that it ſhould be as they required.*

CIV.

CIV.

Christ led away to his Crucifixion on Mount Calvary.

CONdemn'd and Scourg'd, our Saviour they convey
To *Calvary*, a long and dol'rous Way:
He faints beneath his Croſſes pond'rous Load,
And marks with Tracks of Blood, the crowded Road.
Their cruel Mercy makes a Stranger ſhare
The odious Weight, and after Jeſus bear.
The ſofter Sex, 'twas all they dar'd, expreſt
In ſighs their Grief, and ſpake in Tears the reſt.
To whom, compaſſionate, our Lord-- No more
Lament for me, or my ſad Fate deplore;
Enough of Grief's for my Misfortunes ſhown,
Reſerve the reſt, you'll need it for your own.
The Day, the dreadful Day approaches nigh,
And big with Wrath, prepares to mount the Sky;
The barren Womb no longer then, a Curſe,
Wo to the Mothers then, and vainly fruitful Nurſe!

CIV.

St. LUKE Chap. XXIII. Ver. 26, 27, 28.

104.

26. *As they led him away, they laid hold upon one* Simon *a* Cyrenian, *coming out of the country, and on him they laid the croſs, that he might bear it after Jeſus.*

27. *And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which alſo bewailed and lamented him.*

28. *But Jeſus turning unto them, ſaid,* Daughters *of* Jeruſalem, *weep not for me, but weep for your ſelves, and for your children.*

CV.

Christ crucified, pierc'd and revil'd.

HIgh-rais'd, behold upon th' unhappy Tree,
Sinner! Behold the Lord that dy'd for Thee!
See where below, the Rulers him deride!
Behold, above, the Sun his Glories hide,
Nor bear to view his Head, his Hands, his Side.
See the ſick Earth her hollow Vaults diſplay,
Nature in Pangs, as at the laſt Great Day:
Th'Holy of Holies bare to Eyes profane,
The Temple's Sacred Veil is rent in twain:
While thus the Lamb of God, thus meekly pray'd
For thoſe who him in his laſt Pains upbraid,
Who his Deſtruction and their own purſue;
" Father forgive, they know not what they do.
At length, *I thirſt*, he faintly crys, they run
For eager Wine, he taſts and ſays-- 'Tis done.
He bow'd his Head, " Receive my Soul, he cry'd,
" Dear Father, in thy Arms, he bow'd his Head and dy'd.

CV.

St. Luke Chap. XXIII. Ver. 33, to 46.

105.

33. *When they were come to the place which is called* Calvary, *there they crucified him, and the malefactours; one on the right hand, and the other on the left.*

34. *Then ſaid Jeſus, Father, forgive them, &c.*

45. *And the ſun was darkned, and the veil of the temple was rent in the mids.*

46. *And when Jeſus had cried with a loud voice, he ſaid, Father, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit: and having ſaid thus, he gave up the ghoſt.*

CVI.

Our Lord taken down from the Croſs and buried.

Joſeph, the Lord of *Rama*'s ancient Town,
For Wiſdom and true Honour widely known;
Who in the *Sanhedrim* our Lord confeſt,
And there, undaunted entred his *Proteſt*
Againſt their murd'rous Vote, to *Pilate* came:
For his dead Friend his Love was ſtill the ſame,
As while he liv'd; and for his Body ſues
To give thoſe dear Remains ſepulchral Dues:
The ready Tributes of his Tears to pay,
And him in his new Tomb, lamenting lay:
To his Requeſt the *Roman* gave Conſent,
And with his Friends to *Calvary* he went;
Down from the Croſs his lifeleſs Limbs they bear,
In pureſt Linen wrapt with pious Care,
And decently entomb in *Joſeph*'s Sepulchre.

CVI.

St. LUKE Chap. XXIII. Ver. 50, to 53.

50. Joſeph *a counſeller, a good man, and a juſt:*
51. (*The ſame had not conſented to the counſel and deed of them*) *he was of* Arimathea, *a city of the Jews* (*who alſo himſelf waited for the kingdom of God.*)
52. *This man went unto* Pilate, *and begged the body of Jeſus.*
53. *And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a ſepulchre that was hewn in ſtone, wherein never man before was laid.*

CVII.

The Reſurrection declared to the Women.

SCarce had the early Dawns yet doubtful Ray
Shot upward and proclaim'd th' approach of Day,
When the two *Maries* to the Tomb repair,
With ſpicy Gums t' embalm their Maſter there:
But he was gone, his Grave-Cloaths left behind,
And in his room two Angel-Forms they find,
Array'd in bright celeſtial Robes, who ſaid,
Why ſeek ye him that lives among the Dead?
He bids his Friends diſmiſs their cauſleſs Fear,
He's rais'd in Glory, he's no longer here:
Remember how he ſaid before he dy'd,
He muſt by ſinful Men be crucify'd,
And the third Morn ariſe-- They call'd to mind
His Words, and to th' Apoſtles left behind
Bear the glad News; their Witneſs nought avails,
Vain Dreams they all eſteem'd, and idle female Tales,

CVII.

St. Luke Chap. XXIV. Ver. 4, 5, 6.

107

4. *Two men ſtood by them in ſhining garments.*

5. *And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they ſaid unto them, Why ſeek ye the living among the dead?*

6. *He is not here, but is riſen.*

CVIII.

Jesus walketh and discourseth with two Disciples.

AS two Disciples sat and mournful walkt
T' a neighb'ring Village, on the Road they talkt
Of all that past; when Jesus self was there
And joyn'd, unknown, the melancholy Pair:
He asks them what their sad Discourses were?
They thus— Art thou a Stranger, that alone,
To thee the Things that late have past, unknown;
Of *Nazarean* Jesus, *David*'s Seed,
A wond'rous Prophet, Great in Word and Deed,
Whom our High-Priests and Rulers have deny'd,
Betray'd, accus'd, condemn'd and crucify'd?
Vain were our Hopes, our flatt'ring Dreams were vain,
That he design'd to break our servile Chain:
Yet some report, tho' little Faith they gain,
That he again on the third Day did rise.
—O Fools, and slow of Heart, our Lord replies:
Are not the Scriptures evident and plain,
Christ ought to suffer first, and then to reign?
Then did he all those mystic Truths display,
Which in the Psalms and Prophets clouded lay;
And e're in Western Waves the Sun descends,
At once he Ends his Speech, at once their Journey Ends.

CVIII.

St. Luke Chap. XXIV. Ver. 13, 14, 15, 16.

108.

13. *Two of them went that ſame day to a village called* Emmaus, *which was from* Jeruſalem *about threeſcore furlongs.*

14. *And they talked together of all theſe things which had happened.*

15. *And it came to paſs, that while they communed together, and reaſoned, Jeſus himſelf drew near, and went with them.*

16. *But their eyes were holden, that they ſhould not know him.*

CIX.

He discovers himself and eats with them.

NEar to the Village come, he still press'd on,
And semblance made as he'd have further gone:
With an obliging Force they him retain,
He must beneath their humble Roof remain;
Since far away the Hills project their shade,
And humid Night wou'd soon the World invade:
Ent'ring the House, he not disdain'd to share
Their frugal Board, and homely Country-Fare:
He took, he bless'd, he brake and gave the Bread,
When from their Eyes the mists that veil'd 'em, fled:
They saw the well-known Glories of his Face,
They saw and wou'd have rush'd to his Embrace,
But grasp'd the Air, he vanish'd from their sight,
And cloth'd his heav'nly Form in Clouds and Night.
With Joy and heav'nly Love, and glad Surprise,
Either on other fix'd, at first, their Eyes;
Then thus— As with us on the Road he came,
Did not his piercing Words our Hearts enflame?
Nor from th' Apostles long the News conceal'd,
But told 'em how our Lord his heav'nly Form reveal'd.

CIX.

St. LUKE Chap. XXIV. Ver. 30, 31, 32.

30. *As he ſat at meat with them, he took bread, and bleſſed it, and brake, and gave to them.*

31. *And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vaniſhed out of their ſight.*

32. *And they ſaid one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the ſcriptures?*

CX.

He appears again to the Eleven and convinces them.

NOW to the under-World the Sun was fled,
And Night her ſable Mantle round her ſpred,
When the Diſciples of the Jews afraid,
Clos'd all the Doors and ſought a deeper Shade.
Loe in the midſt they ſee our Lord appear,
Who kindly thus accoſts 'em— Peace be here!
The ſudden ſight diſtracts 'em all with Fear;
They ſome illuſive Spectre him ſuppoſe,
Till them his wounded Hands and Feet he ſhows.
Why ſuffer you theſe doubtful Thoughts to riſe?
He mildly asks, Believe your Hands and Eyes!
Senſe cannot be deceiv'd— Handle and ſee,
A Spirit has not Fleſh and Bones like me.
Tho' all his Wounds they yet unclos'd perceive
For Joy and Wonder yet they ſcarce believe.
More to confirm 'em ſtill, he asks for Meat,
And their mean Viands not diſdain'd to Eat;
Divine Inſtruction freely then imparts,
And fills with Light their Eyes, with heav'nly Joy their Hearts.

CX.

St. Luke Chap. XXIV. Ver. 39, to 43.

39. *Jeſus ſaith, Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I my ſelf: handle me, and ſee, for a ſpirit hath not fleſh and bones, as ye ſee me have.*

40. *And when he had thus ſpoken, he ſhewed them his hands and his feet.*

41. *And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondred, he ſaid unto them, Have ye here any meat?*

42. *And they gave him a piece of broiled fiſh, and of an hony-comb.*

43. *And he took it and did eat before them.*

CXI.

He bleſſes his Diſciples, and aſcends into Heaven.

TO well-known *Bethany* our Saviour goes,
And led the little faithful Flock he choſe;
With lifted Hands he bleſſes firſt his Friends,
And then to Heav'n from whence he came, aſcends.

They ſaw the Gates of Bliſs unfolding wide,
They ſaw Cherubic-Guards on either ſide:
Low on the Ground they fell, his Aid implore,
And him, th' Eternal Lord of Life adore:
Then down the Olive-bearing Mounts deſcent,
Back to the ſacred Town with Joy they went.
To God's High Temple daily did repair,
And mix their Hymns with Saints and Angels there:
His *Praiſes*, who's *above* all Praiſe, confeſs'd,
And proſtrate at his Throne, they *Bleſs'd* the *Ever-Bleſs'd*.

CXI.

St. Luke Chap. XXIV. Ver. 50, to the End.

50. *He led them out as far as to* Bethany: *and he lift up his hands, and bleſſed them.*

51. *And it came to paſs, while he bleſſed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.*

52. *And they worſhipped him, and returned to* Jeruſalem *with great joy:*

53. *And were continually in the temple, praiſing God.* Amen.

CXII.

The GOSPEL according to St. JOHN.

CONTENTS referring to the Chapters.

BEhold the Lov'd Diſciple's heav'nly Face!
What Beams of Light! what Glory, and what Grace!
Laſt of the four Evangeliſts he writes,
And what the other Three omit, recites.
With more than Eagle's Wings he ſoars on high,
Confounds abhorr'd Blaſphemers, who deny
With Mouths impure, the Son's [1] Divinity.
The wond'rous Marriage [2] next, and then the Sage,
With whom our Lord did in Diſcourſe [3] engage.
Sychar [4]: The long infirm [5] his Limbs does find,
The Loaves [6]: the Feaſt [7]: the Adult'rous [8]; and the Blind [9].
Chriſt is the Door [10]: His Friend [11] from Death he rais'd,
And *Mary* [12], who his Feet anointed, prais'd.
Th' Apoſtles Feet he waſh'd [13], his Death foreſhows,
And comforts [14] and inſtructs [15] 'em e're [16] he goes:
He prays [17]: Is by his *own* betray'd [18], deny'd,
By *others* ſcourg'd, condemn'd, and crucify'd [19]:
Is rais'd [20], and ſhews his wounded Hands and ſide:
Saint *Peter* thrice he trys, and then enjoyn'd,
To feed with Care the Sheep and Lambs he left behind.

CXII.

CXII.

St. JOHN *the Evangeliſt.*

Matth. iv. 21. *He ſaw other two brethren,* James *the ſon of* Zebedee, *and* John *his brother, in a ſhip with* Zebedee *their father, mending their nets: and he called them.*

22. *And they immediatly left the ſhip and their father, and followed him.*

Mark iii. 17. *And he ſurnamed them* Boanerges, *which is, the ſons of thunder.*

John xxi. 20. Peter *ſeeth the diſciple whom Jeſus loved, following, which alſo leaned on his breaſt at ſupper; and ſaith to Jeſus, Lord, which is he that betrayeth thee?*

CXIII.

The Divinity and Humanity of Christ.

IN the Beginning was th' Eternal Word,
Before all Time by heav'nly Minds ador'd.
There never was *when* he began to be,
Coequal with th' Eternal Father He,
Equal in Subſtance, Pow'r, and Deitie.
True God of God: By him were all things made,
By him the vaſt Expanſe above diſplay'd:
Each glitt'ring Orb that rolls in liquid Air,
Each brighter Mind that keeps his Station there:
By him the Earth with various Beauties dreſs'd,
And Man, by whom his Maker's prais'd and bleſs'd.
That unexhauſted Spring of Life and Light,
Gilding the waſt unlovely Realms of Night,
The Word made Fleſh, did in the World appear,
Left his own Heav'n and Tabernacl'd here:
We ſaw him, full of Glory, full of Grace,
We ſaw his Father's Image in his Face:
The Lines of Truth and Goodneſs plain expreſs'd,
Which claim'd his heav'nly Sire, and all the God confeſs'd.

CXIII.

St. JOHN Chap. I. Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

113

1. *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*
2. *The ſame was in the beginning with God.*
3. *All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.*
4. *In him was life, and the life was the light of men.*
5. *And the light ſhineth in darkneſs, and the darkneſs comprehended it not.*

CXIV.

The Salutation or Annuntiation of the Angel Gabriel *to the Bleſſed Virgin.*

THE Angel *Gabriel* from high Heav'n deſcends,
To *Nazareth* his ſhining Courſe he bends;
This weighty Meſſage he to *Mary* brings,
Eſpous'd to *Joſeph*, both the Seed of Kings,
" All Hail! Belov'd of Heav'n, and full of Grace,
Belov'd beyond the Sexes frailer Race:
Thy Virgin-womb an Infant God does ſhrowd,
JESUS his ſacred Name— and then he bow'd.
Th' Eternal Father's Coeternal Son,
Enthron'd in Light before the World begun:
Over the Houſe of *Jacob* he ſhall reign,
His Kingdom ſhall no Time nor Age reſtrain.
The Holy Spirit, the pure Etherial Dove,
Shall warm thy Breaſt with Joy and heav'nly Love.
She bow'd with humble Faith and full Aſſent,
Back to his radiant Seat the heav'nly Courtier went.

CXIV.

St. LUKE Chap. I. Ver. 28, to 33.

114

28, *The angel came in unto her, and ſaid, Hail thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: bleſſed art thou among women,* &c.

30. *Fear not,* Mary: *for thou haſt found favour with God.*

31. *And behold, thou ſhalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a ſon, and ſhalt call his name* Jeſus.

32. *He ſhall be great, and he ſhall be called the Son of the Higheſt; and the Lord God ſhall give him the throne of his father* David.

33, *And he ſhall reign over the houſe of* Jacob *for ever, and of his kingdom there ſhall be no end.*

CXV.

The Circumcision and naming of the Blessed Jesus.

O Early suff'rer for a Mortal's Sin!
And must thy Sorrows with thy Life begin?
Together they set out, and still kept pace,
Together they conclude their weary Race.
Nor did the Patient Son of God disdain
To yield his tender Flesh to Shame and Pain,
So to remove our antient mortal Stain:
Thus he obedient to the Law was made,
And meekly thus he suffer'd and obey'd.
He saw the Eighth appointed Morn arise,
When him, as *Moses* bids, they circumcise;
JESUS the Name his pious Friends assign,
Appointed by the Messenger Divine,
E're his first Threads of Life on Nature's Loom
Were wrought, e're the bless'd Maid conceiv'd him in the Womb.

CXV.

St. Luke Chap. II. Ver. 21, to 22.

115.

21. *When eight days were accompliſhed for the circumciſing of the child, his name was called* JESUS, *which was ſo named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb.*

22. *And when the days of her purification, according to the law of* Moſes, *were accompliſhed, they brought him to* Jeruſalem, *to preſent him to the Lord.*

CXVI.

Philip *call'd, and* Nathanael *approved by Christ.*

BEthſaidan *Philip* a Diſciple made,
Nathanael found, and to our Lord convey'd:
At diſtance he perceives 'em on the way,
And to his ſmall Retinue thus did ſay:
---An *Iſra'lite* indeed you there may ſee
From all ill Arts, and guileful Practice free:
Nathanael wond'ring thus--- Whence know'ſt thou me,
Unſeen till now? To whom our Lord reply'd,
E're *Philip* call'd, thou wert not unеſpy'd:
I ſaw thee when repos'd beneath a Shade,
By the broad Fig-tree's leavy Branches made.
---O Son of God, confeſs'd! I ask no more,
Nathanael cries, but *Iſrael*'s King adore.
Does this your Wonder raiſe, our Lord rejoyn'd?
What then will more ſtupendious things behind?
When your glad Eyes ſhall in mid-Air behold
The heav'nly Hoſts their glitt'ring Ranks unfold:
Their glorious Enſigns in the Clouds diſplay
Around the Son of Man, at the laſt dreadful Day?

CXVI.

St. JOHN Chap. I. Ver. 47, to 50.

47. *Jeſus ſaw* Nathanael, *coming to him, and ſaith of him, Behold an* Iſraelite *indeed, in whom is no guile.*

48. Nathanael *ſaith unto him, whence knoweſt thou me? Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto him, Before that* Philip *called thee when thou waſt under the fig-tree, I ſaw thee.*

49. Nathanael *anſwered and ſaith unto him,* Rabbi, *thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of* Iſrael.

50. *Jeſus anſwered and ſaid unto him, Becauſe I ſaid unto thee, I ſaw thee under the fig-tree, believeſt thou? thou ſhalt ſee greater things than theſe.*

CXVII.

CXVII.

Marriage at Cana, *Water turn'd into Wine.*

AT *Cana*, they a Nuptial Feaſt prepare,
Our Lord, his Mother, and the Twelve were there:
Free, but not faſt, the cheerful Bowl went round
With decent Mirth, and ſober welcom crown'd:
The num'rous Gueſts exhauſt their frugal Store,
The Servants go for Wine, but find no more.
This the great Mother ſaw, her Care expreſs'd,
And begg'd Aſſiſtance of their heav'nly Gueſt,
Regardleſs firſt he ſeem'd of her Requeſt,
Who wou'd her Son's miraculous Pow'r confine,
But yields at length, and Water turns to Wine:
Six fair capacious Urns the Treaſure hold,
Repleat with gen'rous Juice, and liquid Gold:
The Gueſts admire from whence this ſecret Store,
Of nobler Flavor far than that before.
Our Saviour thus his Miracles began,
Which ſhow'd his Pow'r, and ſpake him more than Man:
Confirm'd the Faith of thoſe with him remain'd,
Wide ſpread his Glory round, and new Diſciples gain'd.

CXVII.

St. JOHN Chap. II. Ver. 7, to 10.

7. *Jeſus ſaith unto them, Fill the water-pots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.*

8. *And he ſaith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governour of the feaſt. And they bare it.*

9. *When the ruler of the feaſt had taſted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was, (but the ſervants which drew the water knew) the governour of the feaſt called the bridegroom,*

10. *And ſaith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth ſet forth good wine; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worſe: but thou haſt kept the good wine until now.*

CXVIII.

CXVIII.

Christ teaches Nicodemus *the Necessity of Regeneration.*

'TWas Night which covers Fear, and covers Shame,
When *Nicodemus* to our Saviour came:
Rabbi, (he thus began) we must confess
Thou art from God, thy Works declare no less:
He'd ne're with Miracles thy Mission sign,
Were not thy Doctrine like thy self, Divine.
To whom our Lord——
That which is born of Flesh must Flesh remain,
Till of the Spirit and Water born again:
Reason's too short the secret Mode t' explain,
Tho' clear the Fact, as cooling Breezes blow,
Unknown from whence they come, or where they go.
But greater Things are in my Law reveal'd,
Tho' from the Wise and Prudent yet conceal'd.
The Son, who does his Father's Will declare,
Came down from Heav'n, he heard and learnt it there,
Yet still's in Heav'n, for he is every where.
Who him believe, and on his word depend,
He'll bring to lasting Bliss and Joy, that know no End.

CXVIII.

St. JOHN Chap. III. Ver. 5, 6, 7, 8.

5. *Verily verily, I ſay unto you, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.*

6. *That which is born of the fleſh, is fleſh; and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit.*

7. *Marvel not that I ſay unto thee, Ye muſt be born again.*

8. *The wind bloweth where it liſteth, and thou heareſt the ſound thereof, but canſt not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: ſo is every one that is born of the Spirit.*

CXIX.

CXIX.

Christ reveals himself to the Samaritan *Woman.*

OUR Saviour to Samarian *Sychar* goes,
And does by *Jacob's* Well himself repose;
(For now the Sun directly darts his Ray,
High-mounted in the burning Noon of Day.)
Weary and faint, the Manhood he confes'd,
And Water does, t' allay his Thirst, requeſt
Of one who then, as chanc'd, approach'd the Place,
A Woman of *Samaria's* mingled Race:
She wonders why a *Jew*, who them defy'd,
Shou'd ought of her deſire; our Lord reply'd,
With whom thou doſt converſe, didſt thou but know,
(The greateſt Gift that God cou'd e're beſtow.)
Thou Living-Water would'ſt from him implore,
Which thoſe who once but taſte, ſhall thirſt no more.
Then did the Errors of her Life unfold,
Which to her Neighbours ſhe departing told:
This muſt, ſhe ſaid, the Great *Meſſiah* be,
For who cou'd know the ſecret Soul but He?
They came, they heard, his Doctrine they receiv'd,
Vaſt Crowds their Errors left, and him Believ'd.
All with enlighten'd Eyes confeſs they find
That He indeed the Chriſt, the Saviour of Mankind.

CXIX.

CXIX.

St. JOHN Chap. IV. Ver. 5, 6, 7, 8.

5. *Then cometh he to a city of* Samaria, *which is called* Sychar, *near to a parcel of ground that* Jacob *gave to his ſon* Joſeph.

6. *Now* Jacob's *well was there. Jeſus therefore being wearied with his journey, ſat thus on the well: and it was about the ſixth hour.*

7. *There cometh a woman of* Samaria *to draw water: Jeſus ſaith unto her, give me to drink.*

8. *For his diſciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat,* &c.

CXX.

CXX.

The Noble-man's Son of Capernaum *heal'd.*

A Courtier, thro' *Herodian* Regions known,
Noble of Birth, and Kinſman to the Throne; †
Whoſe dear and only Son expiring lay,
Addreſs'd our Lord, and for his Life did pray.
To whom the Son of God, his Faith to try,
As mindleſs of his Suit, did thus reply:
Unleſs you Signs and Wonders daily ſee,
O hard of Heart! you'll not believe in me.
Again th' impatient Father begs his Aid,
Which, if his Preſence longer he delaid,
Wou'd come too late; This anſwer Jeſus gives,
—Return with Joy, thy Son's reſtor'd and lives.
The Man believ'd, and as he haſten'd down
The eaſy Hill to rich *Capern'um*'s Town,
His Servants met, the joyful News they tell,
Tho' out of Breath, his Son was ſtrangely well.
Our Saviour's Doctrine gladly he receives,
And him, the Son of God, with all his Houſe, believes.

† Βασιλικὸς.

CXX.

St. JOHN Chap. IV. Ver. 49, 50, 51.

120

49. *The noble-man ſaith unto him, Sir, come down e're my child die.*

50. *Jeſus ſaith unto him, Go thy way, thy ſon liveth. And the man believed the word that Jeſus had ſpoken unto him, and he went his way.*

51. *And as he was now going down, his ſervants met him, and told him, ſaying, Thy ſon liveth.*

CXXI.

The Adultereſs deliver'd.

SCarce did the Sun the Temple-Gates behold,
And double-gild the Roof with heav'nly Gold,
When to the Courts his ſteps our Saviour bends,
And down the Olive-bearing Hill deſcends;
And while the Crowd, aſſembled there, he taught,
The *Scribes* and *Phariſees* a Woman brought,
I'th' very Act of foul Adult'ry caught;
Then tempting thus-----
The Law of *Moſes* theſe forbids to ſpare,
They muſt be ſton'd--- Is thine alike ſevere?
Our Saviour their malicious Treaſon found,
And ſtooping down he wrote upon the Ground;
As one who nothing heard, they ſtill preſs'd on,
And ask him ſtill; he roſe, and thus begun;
Whoever Innocent his Life has paſt
Of the ſame Crime, he the firſt Stone may caſt.
Again he ſtoops, each knows his own Offence,
Their Conſcience urg'd within, and drove 'em thence.
Singly they melt away till all were gone,
When Jeſus riſing, found himſelf alone,
The Woman in the midſt; he asks, if none
Had her condemn'd; none, Lord, th' accus'd replies,
Ingenuous Tears thick-ſtreaming from her Eyes:
Neither do I, he ſays, thy danger's o're,
If truly thou repent; depart, and ſin no more.

CXXI.

St. JOHN Chap. VIII. Ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

4. *The Scribes and Phariſees ſay unto him, Maſter, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.*

5. *Now* Moſes *in the law commanded us, that ſuch ſhould be ſtoned: but what ſayeſt thou?*

6. *This they ſaid, tempting him, that they might have to accuſe him. But Jeſus ſtooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground as though he heard them not.*

7. *So when they continued asking him, he lift up himſelf, and ſaid unto them, He that is without ſin among you, let him firſt caſt a ſtone at her.*

CXXII.

The Jews *boaſting of* Abraham *offer to ſtone Chriſt.*

AS in the Treaſury our Lord remain'd,
And to the Crowd his heav'nly Laws explain'd,
He's urg'd and tempted by the ungrateful *Jews*,
That to the *Romans* him they might accuſe:
Poiz'd on himſelf, he ne're the more forbears,
Nor fears their Malice, nor their Vices ſpares:
In vain themſelves they boaſt of *Abraham*'s Race,
Degenerate they, his ſacred Stem diſgrace:
Rather their Sire the Enemy of Man,
Treaſon from him, and Murther firſt began.
To his Eternal Father Chriſt appeals,
Who by his Works his heav'nly Miſſion ſeals.
Abr'ham, he ſays, from whom your Race you draw,
Juſt *Abraham* ſaw my Day, rejoycing ſaw:
Nor ought but my undoubted Right I claim,
Before your Father *Abraham* was, *I AM:*
The Temples Marble Pavement up they tear,
And wou'd, for a Blaſphemer, ſtone him there:
He thence himſelf does ſilently convey,
Paſſes the num'rous Crowd, and ſafe withdraws away.

CXXII.

St. JOHN Chap. VIII. Ver. 57, to the End.

122

57. *The Jews ſaid unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and haſt thou ſeen* Abraham?

58. *Jeſus ſaid unto them, Verily verily, I ſay unto you, Before* Abraham *was, I am.*

59. *Then took they up ſtones to caſt at him: but Jeſus hid himſelf, and went out of the temple, going through the midſt of them, and ſo paſſed by.*

CXXIII.

Christ Jesus the Door, and the good Shepherd.

I Only am the Shepherd and the Door,
Robbers and Thieves were all that came before.
My Sheep their Shepherd know, they know his Voice,
And when they hear it, follow and rejoyce;
I chuse their walk, reduce 'em when they stray,
They know not Strangers, nor their Voice obey:
They with my Rod and Shepherd's Crook are led,
By crystal Streams in verdant Pastures fed;
The Thief surrounds the Flock but to destroy,
To steal, to kill, to ravage, all his Joy:
The Hireling basely flees, nor dares engage
The furious hungry Wolf's invading Rage;
Nor heeds the Sheep, tho' scatter'd o're the Plain,
Or by the hoary Robber seiz'd and slain.
The good, the faithful Shepherd, only I,
For my dear Flock who not refuse to die;
And other Sheep I have, which now are led
To different FOLDS, in diff'rent Pastures fed.

CXXIII.

St. JOHN Chap. X. Ver. 9, 10, 11, 12.

9. *I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he ſhall be ſaved, and ſhall go in and out, and find paſture.*

10. *The thief cometh not, but to ſteal, and to kill, and to deſtroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.*

11. *I am the good ſhepherd: the good ſhepherd giveth his life for the ſheep.*

12. *But he that is an hireling, and not the ſhepherd, whoſe own the ſheep are not, ſeeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the ſheep.*

CXXIV.

Lazarus *raiſed from the Dead.*

GOOD *Lazarus*, who oft receiv'd our Lord,
And treated at his hoſpitable Board;
Who in his Breaſt had an uncommon ſhare,
The Lov'd Diſciple only nearer there,
Struck with a mortal Sickneſs gaſping lay,
His Life deſpair'd, his Friend was far away;
Yet to the Twelve he does his Death declare,
Rejoycing for their ſakes, he was not there:
Touch'd with true Sorrow, *Thomas* did reply,
Let us return, that we may with him dye,
For Life's a Pain when ſuch a Friend is gone.
Our Lord departs, and as they journy'd on
Firſt *Martha* him accoſts, and weeping ſaid,
Had you been here your Friend had not been Dead.
Only Believe, our Saviour, mild, replies,
And Wonders ſee, for he again ſhall riſe.
He asks 'em where he's laid? they ſhow the Tomb
Clos'd with a pond'rous Stone; when thither come,
As one with mortal Sorrows not unmov'd,
He groan'd, and wept the Death of him he lov'd,
The Stone remov'd, to Heav'n he lifts his Eyes,
And prays awhile, then bids his Friend ariſe.
Aroſe the Dead in Fun'ral Garments bound,
Many believ'd, and ſpread the wond'rous Tidings round.

CXXIV.

St. JOHN Chap. XI. Ver. 41, 42, 43, 44.

124.

41. *Jeſus lifted up his eyes, and ſaid, Father, I thank thee that thou haſt heard me.*

42. *And I knew that thou heareſt me always: but becauſe of the people which ſtand by, I ſaid it, that they may believe that thou haſt ſent me.*

43. *And when he thus had ſpoken, he cried with a loud voice,* Lazarus, *come forth.*

44. *And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin.*

CXXV.

CXXV.

Jesus washing his Disciples Feet, recommends Humility and Charity.

'TWas now the Eve of the Great Paschal Day,
Our Lord, who knew the Price he was to pay
For Man's misdeeds, his Garments laid away,
And not disdains to wash the Feet of those,
Whom for his little Family he chose;
High Heav'n forbid, said *Simon*, such Disgrace,
So low thou never shalt thy self debase:
Our Lord— Unless I wash thy Stains away,
I'll never own thee at the last Great day:
Not only, then, my Feet, *Barjonas* cries,
But Hands and Head; the Son of God replies,
If those are wash'd, 'twill for the whole suffice.
You me your Lord and Master justly name,
If I then wash your Feet, do ye the same.
Their Master's Fate his Servants shou'd content,
Greater is he that sends, than he that's sent:
You know your Duty now, and happy they,
Who humbly trace my steps, and what they know, obey.

CXXV.

St. JOHN Chap. XIII. Ver. 12, 13, 14, 15.

125

12. *After he had waſhed their feet, and had taken his garments, and was ſet down again, he ſaid unto them, Know ye what I have done to you?*

13. *Ye call me Maſter, and Lord: and ye ſay well; for ſo I am.*

14. *If I then your Lord and Maſter, have waſhed your feet, ye alſo ought to waſh one anothers feet.*

15. *For I have given you an example, that ye ſhould do as I have done to you.*

CXXVI.

Christ prays to his Father to glorifie him, and to preserve his Apostles in Unity and Truth.

AND now our Saviour lifts his Hand and Eyes,
To his Great Father, thron'd above the Skies;
Then thus begins— Father! the Hour is come,
Fore-fix'd by thy irrevocable Doom,
When I my dear, my glorious Crown must gain,
Decreed to suffer first, and then to reign.
At length my Work in this bad World is done:
O Righteous Father! Glorify thy Son;
That those who Thee, the one Supreme believe,
And him whom thou from Heav'n hast sent, receive,
May, ransom'd by his Blood, for ever live:
May they with our reflected Glories shine,
And in the Holy Bands of Friendship joyn,
Their Union firm, resembling the Divine.
With me, O let 'em enter into Rest,
And see the Glory I with thee possest,
Before the Earth on its strong Base was laid,
Before the vast Expanse above the World displaid.

CXXVI.

St. JOHN Chap. XVII. Ver. 5, to 10.

126.

5. *O Father, glorifie thou me with thine own ſelf, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.*

6. *I have manifeſted thy name unto the men which thou gaveſt me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gaveſt them me; and they have kept thy word,* &c.

9. *I pray for them, I pray not for the world, but for them which thou haſt given me, for they are thine.*

10. *And all mine are thine, and thine are mine, and I am glorified in them.*

CXXVII.

CXXVII.

Jesus bound and examin'd by the High-Priest.

BEtray'd and bound they to the Pontiff bear
Our Lord, accuse him and affront him there:
The haughty *Caiaphas*, who fill'd the Chair,
Of his Disciples and his Law enquires;
Our Saviour thus--- No corners Truth desires;
Nothing in secret silence I've conceal'd,
But in the Temple all my Laws reveal'd.
The *Jews* themselves have often heard me there,
If ought amiss, let them the Truth declare.
One of th' officious Guards who fill'd the Place,
With a rude Halbert strikes his heav'nly Face.
Mildly our Lord--- If ought that's Ill you hear
No Favour show, impartial Witness bear:
If only Truth, and in my own Defence,
I freely speak to clear my Innocence,
Why am I rudely smitten thus, and why
Do you both Judges and Tormentors place supply?

CXXVII.

St. JOHN Chap. XVIII. Ver. 20, to 23.

20. *Jeſus ſaid, I ſpake openly in the world; I ever taught in the ſynagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always reſort, and in ſecret have I ſaid nothing.*

21. *Why askeſt thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have ſaid unto them: behold, they know what I ſaid.*

22. *And when he had thus ſpoken, one of the officers which ſtood by, ſtrook Jeſus with the palm of his hand, ſaying, Anſwereſt thou the high prieſt ſo?*

23. *Jeſus anſwered him, If I have ſpoken evil, bear witneſs of the evil: but if well, why ſmiteſt thou me?*

CXXVIII.

CXXVIII.

Christ arraign'd and scourg'd.

NOW they those Hands that launch the Thunder strain,
A Prelude to approaching greater Pain.
Behold his sacred Body, Virgin-born,
With stripes unmeasurable, raz'd and torn;
Long livid Furrows on his Shoulders made,
How dear the Price for our Offences paid!
The Blood flow'd swift from one continu'd Wound,
And in a Crimson River stain'd the ground.
Cou'd Heav'n at such a sight its Bolts refrain,
Or, O ye Angels! were your Swords in vain?
Whose shining Myriads prest and ready stand,
And only wait your Master's dread Command.
But he must suffer now, for us was bruis'd,
Nor the Chastisement of our Peace refus'd.
We by his Stripes are heal'd, and give him more
By our unkind Returns, than all his Wounds before.

CXXVIII.

St. JOHN Chap. XIX. Ver. 1.

128.

Matth. xxvi. 67. *They ſpit in his face, and buffeted him, and others ſmote him with the palms of their hands.*

Matth. xxvii. 26. *When* Pilate *had ſcourged Jeſus, he deliver'd him to be crucifi'd.*

Mark xv. 19. *And they ſmote him on the head with a reed, and did ſpit on him.*

Luke xxiii. 11. Herod *with his men of war ſet him at nought, and mocked him.*

John xix. 1. *Then* Pilate *took Jeſus and ſcourged him: and the ſoldiers,* &c.

CXXIX.

Christ crown'd with Thorns and mock'd.

MUch had the Lamb of God already born,
Yet more remains of Cruelty and Scorn:
The Soldiers all their Band together bring,
And with abusive Honours, hail him King.
A Robe of Royal Purple they provide,
With that his bleeding mangled Shoulders hide.
A reedy Scepter in those Hands he bears,
Which as they moulded first, still guide the Spheres;
His Head, the Spring of Blessing, they adorn
With a mysterious Crown of pungent Thorn,
While Drops of sacred Blood profusely shed,
With precious Rubies circle round his Head.
Him thus adorn'd with bended Knees they greet,
Or lower bow, and prostrate at his Feet;
Then rising, smite with impious Hands his Face,
And with insulting Shouts and Laughter fill the Place.

CXXIX.

St JOHN Chap. XIX. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

129

2. *The ſoldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe,*

3. *And ſaid, Hail king of the Jews: and they ſmote him with their hands.*

4. Pilate *therefore went forth again, and ſaith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.*

5. *Then came Jeſus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And* Pilate *ſaid unto them, Behold the man.*

CXXX.

Our Saviour offer'd, and Barabbas *demanded.*

FOrth to the clam'rous People *Pilate* goes,
And in his mock-Regalia Jeſus ſhows:
His reedy Scepter in his Hands he bore,
And ſtill his thorny Crown and Purple wore:
When *Pilate* to the Crowd— Behold the Man!
Anew their Clamors and their Rage began;
They rend their Garments and they rend the Sky,
No Voice amongſt them heard, but *Crucify!*
Again the Governour did thus reply,
What Crime, what Accuſation can you bring?
Why am I preſs'd to Crucify your King?
They anſwer— *Cæſar* is our King alone,
All others as Impoſtors we diſown,
This *Galilean* moſt; again they cry'd,
If thou art *Cæſar*'s Friend, let him be Crucify'd.
No more their Fury *Pilate* dares engage,
The ſpotleſs Victim gives to their inſatiate Rage.

CXXX.

St. JOHN Chap. XIX. Ver. 13, 14, 15.

130

13. *He brought Jeſus forth, and ſat down in the judgment ſeat, in a place that is called the Pavement, but in the Hebrew,* Gabatha.

14. *And it was the preparation of the paſſover, and about the ſixth hour: and he ſaid unto the Jews, Behold your King.*

15. *But they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucifie him.* Pilate *ſaith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief prieſts anſwered, We have no king but* Cæſar.

CXXXI.

The Crucifixion of our Lord and Saviour.

DIſmal the Place, and diſmal was the Day,
The gloomy Sun deny'd his chearful Ray;
The Eye of Heav'n was clos'd, nor longer ſhin'd,
When on the Croſs the Saviour of Mankind:
Who ſtruggling for his laſt expiring Breath,
And caſting round his Eyes that roll'd in Death;
His Mother and his Friend beneath him ſpy'd,
Whom from the Saviour cou'd no Hour divide.
Not ev'n the laſt; then to the Virgin ſaid,
Woman! behold thy Son! nor think me dead.
Next, to the happy Man who ſhar'd his Breaſt,
Behold thy Mother there! nor more expreſt;
Nor needed more, ſuch filial Duty ſhown,
And friendly Care, as made his Home her own.
And now the Dear, the Glorious Conqueſt won,
And all fulfill'd, our Saviour cries—'Tis done!
He Pardon for his Murderers deſir'd,
Then bow'd his fainting Head, and with a Sigh expir'd.

CXXXI.

St. JOHN 131 Chap. XIX. Ver. 26, to 30.

26. *When Jeſus ſaw his mother, and the diſciple ſtanding by, whom he loved, he ſaid unto his mother, Woman, behold thy ſon.*

27. *Then ſaid he to the diſciple, Behold thy mother. And from that hour that diſciple took her to his own home.*

28. *Jeſus knowing that all things were now accompliſhed, that the ſcripture might be fulfilled, ſaith, I thirſt.*

29. *Now there was ſet a veſſel full of vineger: and they filled a ſpunge with vineger, and put it upon hyſſop and put it to his mouth.*

30. *When Jeſus therefore had received the vineger, he ſaid, It is finiſhed: and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghoſt.* CXXXII.

CXXXII.

The appearance of Jesus after the Resurrection.

OUR Lord to his Disciples does appear,
And stills their trembling Breasts with-- Peace be here;
Tho' Didymæan *Thomas* was not there,
To him th' Apostles what they saw, declare.
But Dreams to him, and idle Tales they told,
Unless these Eyes, these very Eyes behold
Those deep and ghastly Wounds of which he dy'd,
Unless my Hands may feel his opening Side;
Another's Witness yet I sha'n't receive,
I cannot, and I will not yet believe.
Seven times the Sun in his diurnal Race,
Had now discover'd Nature's smiling Face;
At length the Eighth revolving morn arose,
When to th' Eleven himself our Saviour shows;
To *Thomas* he above the rest apply'd,
And bids him feel his wounded Hands and Side.
Thy own bold Wish, he said, thou shalt receive,
O! be not faithless yet, but yet Believe!
With Tears of Joy he cry'd-- "My God! my Lord!
"Incredulous no more, and *Isra'l*'s King ador'd.

CXXXII.

St. JOHN Chap. XX. Ver. 26, 27, 28.

132.

26. *After eight days, again his diſciples were within, and* Thomas *with them: then came Jeſus, the doors being ſhut, and ſtood in the midſt, and ſaid, Peace be unto you.*

27. *Then ſaid he to* Thomas, *Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thruſt it into my ſide: and be not faithleſs, but believing.*

28. *And* Thomas *anſwered and ſaid unto him, My Lord and my God.*

CXXXIII.

Christ appears a third time to his Disciples being a Fishing.

AS on the Sea from fair *Tiberias* nam'd,
Tho' for our Saviour's Wonders justlier fam'd;
Simon and others went their Nets to cast,
They all the Night in fruitless Labor past;
The Morn at length with happier Omens rose,
And on the Beach did their lov'd Lord disclose,
Who bids 'em o're the Starbord cast their Net,
Which done, they of the scaly Nation get
Within their twisted Toils a Prey so vast,
As from the Place to move their Strength surpast;
Till with more Hands th' unequal Toil they share,
And to the Shoar their struggling Captives bear.
A Dinner ready on the Sand they find,
Their Master with 'em sits, and when they'd din'd,
The Love of *Cephas*, and his Patience try'd,
And thrice he sounds him, who had thrice deny'd;
Then bids him feed his Flock with tender Care,
Nor fear, for his lov'd Charge, his Master's Fate to share.

CXXXIII.

St. JOHN Chap. XXI. Ver. 4, 5, 6.

133.

4. *When the morning was now come, Jeſus ſtood on the ſhore: but the diſciples knew not that it was Jeſus.*

5. *Then Jeſus ſaid unto them, Children, have ye any meat? They anſwered him,* No.

6. *And he ſaid unto them, Caſt the net on the right ſide of the ſhip, and ye ſhall find. They caſt therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fiſhes.*

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV.

The Feaſt of Pentecoſt, *and Deſcent of the* Holy Ghoſt.

AND now arriv'd the Day our Lord aſſign'd,
For the bleſs'd Spirit's deſcent, one Place, one Mind,
To all the faithful Flock who him confeſt,
And the Great Mother there among the reſt.
When from the rifled Heav'ns was heard a Noiſe,
Loud as the rolling Tempeſt's dreadful Voice:
And loe, like cloven Tongues a lambent Flame,
Which from the bright celeſtial Regions came,
On every Head aſſembled there did reſt,
And fill'd with ſacred Raptures, every Breaſt.
The God, the God within 's by Wonders ſhown,
They ſpake his Praiſe in Language not their own.
That awful Voice which from High Heav'n came down,
Had all around alarm'd the ſacred Town:
The pious Strangers ſoon aſſembled were,
Who did to their Great Paſchal-Feaſt repair.
Each in his native Dialect amaz'd,
By Men unletter'd heard the Great Creator prais'd.

CXXXIV.

Acts Chap. II. Ver. 1, to 12.

1. *And when the day of Pentecoſt was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.*

2. *And ſuddenly there came a ſound from heaven as of a ruſhing mighty wind, and it filled all the houſe where they were ſitting.*

3. *And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it ſat upon each of them:*

4. *And they were all filled with the Holy Ghoſt, and began to ſpeak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.*

5. *And there were dwelling at* Jeruſalem, *Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven,* &c.

CXXXV.

Peter's *Sermon to the Multitude.*

WHen fervent *Cephas* with th' Eleven aroſe,
And to the Crowd did thus the Truth diſcloſe:
—You ſee accompliſh'd what has been foretold,
By Men belov'd of Heav'n, inſpir'd of old.
All Fleſh, ſays God, ſhall my Salvation know,
My ſacred Spirit I will on all beſtow:
Inſpir'd ſhall then your Sons and Daughters be,
The Old ſhall Dreams, the Young ſhall Viſions ſee:
Wonders in Earth and Air ſhall then appear,
And make the guilty World diſſolve for Fear:
A Heav'n of Fire, whence Show'rs of ſanguine Rain,
Direful Portent! ſhall Earth's ſad Face diſtain.
The Sun ſhall in unnat'ral Darkneſs mourn,
The Moon's fair Lamp to Blood and Horror turn;
Before our Lord ſhall in the Clouds appear,
Before his Great and Dreadful Day be here:
'Tis He, 'tis He, whom you with Hands profane,
The Good! the Juſt! have crucify'd and ſlain;
But him did his Great Father raiſe again;
Does him, his Only Son, triumphant own,
Lord of both Worlds He ſits, and ſhares th' Eternal's Throne.

CXXXV.

Acts Chap. II. Ver. 14, to 36.

135

14. Peter *ſtanding up with the eleven, lift up his voice, and ſaid unto them, Ye men of* Judea, *and all ye that dwell at* Jeruſalem, *be this known unto you, and hearken to my words:*

15. *For theſe are not drunken, as ye ſuppoſe, ſeeing it is but the third hour of the day.*

16. *But this is that which was ſpoken by the prophet* Joel,

17. *And it ſhall come to paſs in the laſt days, (ſaith God) I will pour out of my Spirit upon all fleſh: and your ſons and your daughters ſhall propheſie, and your young men ſhall ſee viſions, and your old men ſhall dream dreams,* &c.

CXXXVI.

Multitudes converted by Peter's *Sermon.*

WHEN this they heard, a deep Concern they felt,
Their Hearts with inward true Compunction melt:
What ſhall they do t' avert the threaten'd Doom,
Attone juſt Heav'n, and ſhun the Wrath to come?
Th' Apoſtles thus— Believe, Repent, Obey!
And waſh in ſacred Streams, your Sins away.
None are excluded from the proffer'd Grace,
It reaches all of *Abraham*'s faithful Race;
To Children and the Gentile World extends,
And only with the Line of Nature ends.
With Joy the happy Tidings they receive,
Three Thouſand Souls prepar'd for Life, believe:
Who, all the daily Temple-Prayers frequent,
All conſtant to the Word, and Sacrament.
Wonders and Signs were by th' Apoſtles ſhown,
All free to all, they nothing call their own.
Singly their Hearts from worldly Cares remov'd,
They God's High Praiſes ſung, by God and Man belov'd.

CXXXVI.

Acts Chap. II. Ver. 37, 38, 39.

136

37. *When they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts, and ſaid unto* Peter, *and to the reſt of the Apoſtles, Men and brethren what ſhall we do?*

38. *Then* Peter *ſaid unto them, Repent and be baptiſed every one of you in the name of Jeſus Chriſt, for the remiſſion of ſins, and ye ſhall receive the gift of the Holy Ghoſt.*

39. *For the promiſe is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God ſhall call.*

CXXXVII.

Peter *and* John *reſtore a lame Man to his Feet.*

'TWas now the Hour when pious Crowds repair
To God's High-Temple with glad Hymns and Pray'r,
When *Cephas* and the Lov'd Diſciple there,
A poor Infirm with ſtedfaſt Eyes ſurvey,
Who at the Temple's Beauteous Portal lay,
And did the Peoples Charity requeſt,
Th' Apoſtles ent'ring ask'd among the reſt.
Silver and Gold expect not to receive,
Said *Cephas*, what we have we freely give;
And in the Name of Jeſus bid thee riſe.
That ſacred Name now Strength and Spirit ſupplies;
Such pow'rful Words all Nature muſt obey,
He roſe, he ſtands, he walks and ſprings away;
Him to the Temple his Reſtorer brings,
With loud and chearful Voice he God's high Praiſes ſings.

CXXXVII.

Acts Chap III. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

137

2. *A certain man lame from his mother's womb was* rried, *whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple* hich *is called* Beautiful, *to ask alms of them that* tred *into the temple.*

3. *Who ſeeing* Peter *and* John *about to go into* e *temple, asked an alms.*

4. *And* Peter *faſtening his eyes upon him, with* hn, *ſaid, Look on us.*

5. *And he gave heed unto them, expecting to re-* ve *ſomething of them.*

6. *Then* Peter *ſaid, Silver and gold have I none;* ut *ſuch as I have give I thee: In the name of Jeſus* Nazareth, *riſe up and walk.*

CXXXVIII.

Ananias *and* Sapphira, *their Deceit and Puniſhment.*

SOme Tares among the Wheat thus early were;
The firſt appear'd, a loſt unhappy Pair;
He *Ananias*, ſhe *Sapphira* nam'd,
For Sacrilege, and its juſt vengeance fam'd:
Their Land they ſold, and part they kept away,
Part at th' Apoſtles Feet diſſembling lay:
Nor this unpuniſh'd dar'd, for to the Man,
With Holy Fervor, *Cephas* thus began.
Why has the envious Spirit thy Heart poſſeſt,
And fill'd with Lies thy avaritious Breaſt?
Th' Almighty Mind thou would'ſt deceive in vain,
And part of what was lately ſold detain.
He heard the piercing Words he cou'd not bear,
But down he falls, and dies in deep Deſpair.
Few Hours expir'd before his Wife came in,
Partner, if not Adviſer, of his Sin:
With the ſame Queſtion her th' Apoſtle try'd,
And ſhe the ſame with harden'd Brow reply'd:
Since then, *Barjonas* anſwers, you've agree'd
In Sin, be the ſame Fate for both decreed:
He ſaid, a ſudden Miſt invades her Eyes,
Paleneſs her guilty Face, and down ſhe falls and dies.

CXXXVIII.

Acts Chap. V. Ver. 1, to 12.

138

1. *A certain man named* Ananias, *with* Sapphira *his wife, ſold a poſſeſſion,*

2. *And kept back part of the price, his wife alſo being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the Apoſtles feet.*

3. *But* Peter *ſaid,* Ananias, *why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghoſt, and to keep back part of the price of the land?* &c.

5. Ananias *hearing theſe words, fell down and gave up the ghoſt,* &c.

CXXXIX.

The Apoſtles impriſon'd and releaſed by an Angel.

AND now the Sect of *Sadoc* roſe enrag'd,
(The furious Pontiff on their ſide engag'd;)
To ſee the Wonders by th' Apoſtles wrought,
To hear our Saviour's Reſurrection taught;
By theſe their darling Principles were croſt,
And every Day ſome new Diſciple loſt.
Then on the Twelve their impious Hands they laid,
And to the common Priſon them convey'd.
High-mounted on her Ebon-Car, the Night
Had conquer'd half her Stage, when loe a Light
Beyond the Sun's, the loneſom Vault invades,
And quickly chaſes thence the trembling Shades.
I'th' midſt, behold a heav'nly Watcher ſhine,
Of Strength immortal, and of Form divine:
He touch'd the brazen Gates, the Gates gave way,
The Pris'ners freed, and thus to them did ſay,
To God's high Temple go with ſpeed, and there
Unto the liſt'ning Crowd the way of Life declare.

CXXXIX.

Acts Chap. V. Ver. 17, 18, 19, 20.

17. *The high prieſt roſe up, and all they that were with him (which is the ſect of the Sadducees) and were filled with indignation,*

18. *And laid their hands on the Apoſtles, and put them in the common priſon.*

19. *But the Angel of the Lord by night opened the priſon doors, and brought them forth, and ſaid,*

20. *Go, ſtand and ſpeak in the temple to the people, all the words of this life.*

CXL.

St. Stephen, *the first Martyr for Christ, stoned.*

JUST *Stephen*, full of Faith and Pow'r, the *Jews*
Before their partial *Sanhedrim* accuse:
That *Moses* and the sacred Law he dar'd
Blaspheme, nor God, nor his High-Temple spar'd.
Angelic Splendor in his Face they see
Mild Goodness mixt with awful Majesty.
Undaunted he his Nation's Errors told,
God's wondrous Works, and all their Sins of old:
Like their Fore-fathers they, a stiff-neck'd Race,
But clearer Light abus'd, and greater Grace:
The Holy, and the Just, foreseen, desir'd
Of pious Minds of old from Heav'n inspir'd;
By you betray'd, and by your faithless Train,
Of wicked Hands was crucify'd and slain.
They hear, they gnash their Teeth, they rave, they cry,
With Dust, and Shouts, and Curses fill the Sky;
They drag him thro' the Gates without the Walls,
And stone him; on the Lord of Life he calls,
Prays for his Murderers, his Faith express,
Then down he calmly lay, and slept in endless Rest.

CXL.

CXL.

Acts Chap. VI. Ver. 8, to the End of Chap. VII.

140

8. *And* Stephen *full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people,* &c.

57. *They cried out with a loud voice, and ſtopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord,*

58. *And caſt him out of the city, and ſtoned him: and the witneſſes laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whoſe name was* Saul.

59. *And they ſtoned* Stephen, *calling upon God, and ſaying, Lord Jeſus, receive my Spirit.*

60. *And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this ſin to their charge. And when he had ſaid this, he fell aſleep.*

CXLI.

CXLI.

The Baptiſm of the Ethiopian *Eunuch by* Philip.

Philip the Deacon by an Angel ſent
For *Gaza*, and the Southern Deſart went;
An *Ethiopian* Eunuch there he ſpy'd,
Who did in his own ſtately Chariot ride:
Thither he draws, the ſacred Spirit did lead,
And heard him thus in lofty *Eſay* read.
" As helpleſs Sheep when by the Shearer caught,
" As ſpotleſs Lambs when to the Altar brought;
" Silent in all his Suff'rings he remain'd,
" Nor murmur'd once, nor meanly once complain'd.
Of whom, ſays he, does *Eſay* this relate,
His own deſcribes he, or another's Fate?
Of *Jeſus* only is the Scripture meant,
The Holy Man replies; then farther went,
His heav'nly Doctrine did to him diſplay,
And teaches how to waſh his Sins away:
He hears attent, and what he hears believes,
The Laver of Salvation him receives:
Rapt in a Cloud the Saint from thence is born,
The Convert does with Joy to his own Land return.

CXLI.

ACTS Chap. VIII. Ver. 35, 36, 37, 38.

141

35. Philip *preach'd unto him Jeſus.*

36. *And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch ſaid, See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptiſed?*

37. *And* Philip *ſaid, If thou believeſt with all thine heart, thou mayeſt. And he anſwered and ſaid, I believe that Jeſus Chriſt is the Son of God.*

38. *And he commanded the chariot to ſtand ſtill: and they went down both into the water, both* Philip *and the eunuch; and he baptiſed him.*

CXLII.

CXLII.

The Converſion of Saul.

NOthing but Blood did *Saul*, and Threatning breath,
And hal'd vaſt Crowds to Priſon and to Death:
Nor with his native Country's Spoil content,
The ſame his Bus'neſs to *Damaſcus* went.
O're *Libanus* the Sun his Beams diſplaid,
And neither way the Cedars ſhoot their Shade:
When loe, a Light, which drown'd the Days, as far,
As that a feeble Lamp, or twinkling Star,
Blaz'd from Mid-Heav'n, th' intolerable Beams,
Delug'd the Road with large etherial Streams
Which whelm'd 'em all to earth, and in their Fall,
A Voice like Thunder loud was heard by *Saul*
Struck blind: Who art thou Lord? he trembling cry'd,
And, "I am JESUS, the dread Voice reply'd,
Whom thou doſt perſecute with furious Rage?
'Tis hard with mortal Arms, High Heav'n t' engage.
Ariſe and to *Damaſcus* ſtrait repair,
What thou muſt do ſhall ſoon be told thee there:
He went and was baptis'd, nor longer blind,
A heav'nly Light refreſh'd his Eyes and Mind:
The more oppos'd, his Strength increas'd the more,
He boldly taught that Name which he blaſphem'd before.

CXLII.

Acts Chap. IX. Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

142.

3. *As he journeyed, he came near* Damaſcus: *and ſuddenly there ſhined round about him a light from heaven.*

4. *And he fell upon the earth, and heard a voice ſaying unto him,* Saul, Saul, *why perſecuteſt thou me?*

5. *And he ſaid, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord ſaid, I am Jeſus whom thou perſecuteſt: It is hard for thee to kick againſt the pricks.*

6. *And he trembling and aſtoniſhed, ſaid, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord ſaid unto him, Ariſe and go into the city, and it ſhall be told thee what thou muſt do.*

CXLIII.

CXLIII.

Cornelius *his Vision; he sends for* Peter.

A Brave Centurion, who did nought disgrace
His ancient Stem, and noble *Roman* Race;
At *Cæsarea* in th' *Italian* Band,
Did the Proconsul's faithful Guards command;
A Soldier, yet devout, his Conscience clear,
He fear'd th' All-High, tho' none but him cou'd fear.
With pious Pray'rs he daily pierc'd the Skies,
And Alms, the most accepted Sacrifice:
His Family, by his Example sway'd,
Virtuous and Just the King of Heav'n obey'd;
As in his Closet he devoutly pray'd,
One of the Glorious heav'nly Host came down,
And bids him send to *Joppa*'s wealthy Town,
For Galilean *Simon*, refug'd there,
Who shou'd the perfect way to Bliss declare:
He sent, and *Simon* by a vision warn'd,
Immediate with his Messengers return'd;
The Gospel preach'd, which gladly was receiv'd,
Cornelius with his House, and all his Friends believ'd.

CXLIII.

Acts Chap. X. Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

143.

3. Cornelius *a centurion ſaw in a viſion evident-*
, *about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God*
ming *in to him, and ſaying unto him,* Cornelius.
4. *And when he looked on him, he was afraid, and*
id, *What is it, Lord? And he ſaid unto him, Thy*
ayers *and thine alms are come up for a memorial*
fore *God.*
5. *And now ſend men to* Joppa, *and call for one*
mon *whoſe ſurname is* Peter:
6. *He lodgeth with one* Simon *a tanner, whoſe houſe*
by *the ſea-ſide: he ſhall tell thee what thou oughteſt*
do.

CXLIV.

CXLIV.

Peter *impriſon'd, and deliver'd by an Angel.*

BY *Herod*, Zebedean *James* was ſlain,
He loſt his Head a Martyr-Crown to gain:
The Tyrant ſaw the bloody *Jews* were pleas'd,
And farther went, and next on *Peter* ſeiz'd;
Within a loathſom Dungeon him confin'd,
A ſecond Victim to their Rage deſign'd.
To Guards twice doubled, him commit in vain,
At Night they lodge him with a double Chain.
Sweetly he ſlept, for all was calm within,
No black diſturbing Dreams of Guilt or Sin.
--Sleep on bleſs'd Saint! nor haſt thou ought to fear
Tho' near the Tyrant's Guard, thy heav'nly Guard more near.
The Angel who ſecur'd thee from the Womb,
Enrob'd in Light is to thy Reſcue come.
He came, he ſaw, he gently touch'd his Side,
And bids him riſe, the Doors are open'd wide;
The firſt and ſecond Ward unſeen they paſt,
The Iron-Gate that mov'd on Hinges vaſt,
Silently open'd to the heav'nly Guide,
While his lov'd Charge walk'd wond'ring by his Side.
Another Street they paſs'd, from Danger clear'd,
Forthwith the Angel left his Saint, and diſappear'd

CXLIV.

Acts Chap. XII. Ver. 6, 7, 8, 9.

144.

6. Peter *was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains; and the keepers before the door kept the prison.*

7. *And behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.*

8. *And the angel said unto him, Gird thy self, and bind on thy sandals: And so he did. And he said unto him, Cast thy garment about thee and follow me.*

9. *And he went out and followed him.*

CXLV.

Herod *smitten by the Angel of God.*

WHEN thus the haughty Tyrant's Rage deceiv'd,
And of his long expected Prey bereav'd;
Againſt his Guards he ſtorm'd and rav'd in vain,
The Saint by Wonders ſav'd, while theſe are ſlain.
Now he's with *Tyre*'s and *Sidon*'s Towns diſpleas'd,
Who him by Gifts at length and Friends appeas'd.
When in his glitt'ring Royal Robes aray'd,
Whereon the Sun with fierce Reflexions play'd,
Plac'd on his Throne *he* an Oration made.
The Crowd with Acclamations rend the Sky,
And fawning low, a God! a God! they cry.
What flowing Sweetneſs and what maſſy Senſe!
No mortal Voice, nor mortal Eloquence!
The Tyrant all with ſecret Pride receives,
And ſcarce his due he thinks th' Aſſembly gives:
But Heav'n who ſaw him ripe for Wrath, when H
To Perſecution added Blaſphemy;
A vengeful Angel ſends who ſmites him there,
And from his Throne he tumbles in Deſpair;
Th' Immortal Man now owns ſuperiour Pow'
And yet alive, the Wretch increaſing Worms d
vour.

CXLV.

Acts Chap. XII. Ver. 21, 22, 23.

145

21. *Upon a ſet day,* Herod *arayed in royal apparel, ſat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them.*

22. *And the people gave a ſhout, ſaying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.*

23. *And immediately the angel of the Lord ſmote him, becauſe he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghoſt.*

CXLVI.

Elymas *the Sorcerer is ſtricken Blind.*

GReat *Saul* and *Barnabas* abroad were ſent,
And preach'd the Word of God where e'
they went.
To Cyprian *Paphos* come, accepted there,
To prudent *Sergius* heav'nly Truths declare:
But a falſe *Jew* in Charms of Magic read,
And the forbidden Language of the Dead;
With all his Art oppos'd the ſacred Law,
The noble *Sergius* from the Faith to draw.
Nor this Great *Paul*, who on him fix'd his Eye
And thus began--- O full of Fraud and Lies!
Unworthy that high Title thou haſt claim'd,
The curſed Child of Satan rather nam'd:
Wilt thou not ceaſe thy guileful Art t' apply,
Oppoſing Truths thou never canſt deny?
And ſince to wilful Darkneſs thus inclin'd,
Bid the Sun's Light farewel, and, Wretch, be Blin
Seiz'd with a ſudden Miſt, he ſaw no more,
But did the help of ſome kind Hand implore.
The Deputy receiv'd the heav'nly Law,
Juſtly amaz'd at all the wond'rous Things he ſaw

CXLVI.

Acts Chap. XIII. Ver. 9, 10, 11.

146.

9. Paul *filled with the Holy Ghoſt, ſet his eyes on him,*

10. *And ſaid, O full of all ſubtilty and all miſchief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteouſneſs, wilt thou not ceaſe to pervert the right way of the Lord?*

11. *And now behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou ſhalt be blind, not ſeeing the Sun for a ſeaſon. And immediately there fell on him a miſt and a darkneſs; and he went about ſeeking ſome to lead him by the hand.*

CXLVII.

Paul *and* Barnabas *accounted Gods by the* Lycaonians.

GReat *Paul* and *Barnabas* to *Lyſtra* came,
Where lay a Wretch who from his birth was lame;
They bid him riſe and walk, his Limbs obey,
With new mirac'lous Strength he ſprings away.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd (who ſtill are wiſe too late,
And always in Extreams admire or hate,)
Cry'd out-- The Gods in human Form come down
To ſee Mankind, and bleſs our happy Town:
So ſoft their Speech, ſo awfully they move,
It muſt be *Hermes*, and his Father *Jove*:
Two free-neck'd Bulls, whoſe Heads and threatning Horns,
A ſacred Wreath of od'rous Flow'rs adorns,
The veſted Prieſts for Sacrifice prepare:
Th' Apoſtles rend their Cloaths, and cry-- Forbear
Your Fellow-mortals we, and wou'd reſtrain
From your miſtaken Zeal for Idols vain,
To ſerve the one Supreme, who ever lives,
And Sun, and Rain from Heav'n, and Food and Gladneſs gives.

CXLVII.

Acts Chap. XIV. Ver. 11, to 18.

11. *When the people ſaw what* Paul *had done, they lift up their voices, ſaying in the ſpeech of* Lycaonia, *The gods are come down to us in the likeneſs of men.*

12. *And they called* Barnabas, Jupiter; *and* Paul, Mercurius, *becauſe he was the chief ſpeaker.*

13. *Then the prieſt of* Jupiter *which was before their city, brought oxen and garlands into the gates, and would have done ſacrifice with the People.*

14. *Which when the apoſtles* Barnabas *and* Paul *heard of, they rent their cloaths*, &c.

CXLVIII.

The Jailor converted and baptiſed.

WITH faithful *Silas Paul*'s in Bonds ſecur'd,
When cruel Scourgings they had firſt endur'd;
Yet full of inward Peace and heav'nly Joy,
In Songs of Praiſe their Mid-night Hours imploy.
When loe the bellowing Earth begins to quake,
The Priſons deep and ſtrong Foundations ſhake;
All things were, full of Fear and Noiſe, confus'd,
The Doors fly open, ev'ry Bond is loos'd:
The Jailor thought his Pris'ners all were gone,
His Poniard draws and wou'd himſelf have thrown
Againſt the deadly Point— Raſh Man forbear,
Aloud th' Apoſtles cry, we all are here.
For Lights he calls, and when the Saints he ſees,
Springs trembling in, and proſtrate at their Knees,
The way to Bliſs and endleſs Life enquires.
They readily comply with his deſires;
The Goſpel he ſincerely muſt receive,
And in the Saviour of the World believe:
He waſh'd their Stripes, then both with Food ſuffic'd,
And he and all his Houſe rejoycing were baptis'd.

CXLVIII.

Acts Chap. XVI. Ver. 26, 27, 28.

26. *Suddenly there was a great earthquake, ſo that the foundations of the priſon were ſhaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were looſed.*

27. *And the keeper of the priſon awaking out of his ſleep, and ſeeing the priſon-doors open, he drew his ſword, and would have killed himſelf, ſuppoſing that the priſoners had been fled.*

28. *But* Paul *cried with a loud voice, ſaying, Do thyſelf no harm; for we are all here.*

CXLIX.

CXLIX.

Eutychus *dead by a fall is raised to Life by St.* Paul.

TO Asian *Troas*, not unknown to Fame,
The Great Apostle of the Gentiles came;
The Church together his Arrival brought,
Whom now till heavy dead of Night he taught;
Young *Eutychus* among the rest was there,
In a large Window plac'd to take the Air;
And shun the stifling Heat; so long he staid,
Till heavy Slumbers did his Eyes invade;
When down he sunk three dreadful Stories deep,
And there had lain in everlasting Sleep,
But with Compassion him the Saint survey'd,
And on him his All-healing Hands he laid;
And while his hopeless Friends around him mourn,
To his forsaken Breast his wand'ring Soul return'd.

CXLIX.

Acts Chap. XX. Ver 9, to 12.

149.

9. *There ſat in a window a certain young man,* named Eutychus, *being fallen into a deep ſleep: and* as Paul *was long preaching, he ſunk down with ſleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead.*

10. *And* Paul *went down, and fell on him, and embracing him, ſaid, Trouble not your ſelves; for his life is in him.*

11. *When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread, and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, ſo he departed.*

12. *And they brought the young man alive.*

CL.

CL.

St. Paul *entertain'd by the* Barbarians, *unhurt by the Viper.*

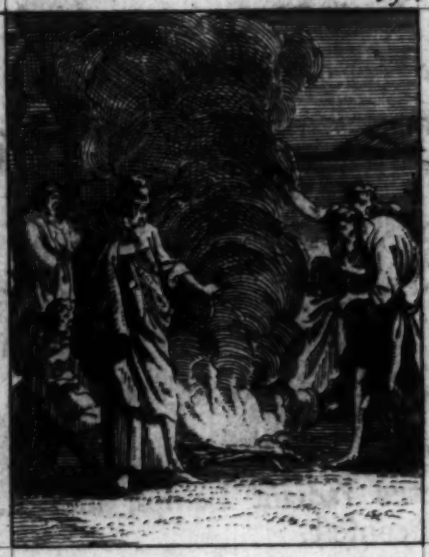
'SCaped from the Sea, and dropping with the Waves,
A Rock which loſt the Ship, th' Apoſtle ſaves:
The barb'rous Inſulairs, who long before
Wiſhing the Wrack ſtood watching on the Shore;
When him they ſaw, were chang'd to mild and kind,
And gentle Pity ſeiz'd their ſoften'd Mind;
A Stranger there till now, they ſpread the Sand,
And help the weary Paſſengers to Land:
A Fire they make, their frozen Limbs to warm,
And dry them, wet and beaten by the Storm:
When from the Heat a dreadful Viper ſprung,
Fix'd on th' Apoſtle's Hand, and winding hung.
Th' affrighted Iſlanders around him fled,
And every moment look'd to ſee him dead:
A Murd'rer ſure, whom, tho' the Waves he'd paſs'd
Impartial Vengeance found, and ſeiz'd at laſt.
He ſhook the Viper off amid the Fire,
And felt no harm, ſtill more the Crowd admire.
Tho' him a Murderer they thought before,
A God! A God! they cry, and only-not adore.

CL

CL.

Acts Chap. XXVIII. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

150.



2. *The barbarous people kindled a fire, and received us every one, becauſe of the preſent rain, and becauſe of the cold.*

3. *And when* Paul *had gathered a bundle of ſticks, and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of the heat, and faſtened on his hand.*

4. *And when the barbarians ſaw the venemous beaſt hang on his hand, they ſaid among themſelves, No doubt this man is a murderer, whom though he hath eſcaped the ſea, yet vengeance ſuffereth not to live.*

5. *And he ſhook off the beaſt into the fire, and felt no harm.*

CLI.

Christ's Appearance in Power and Majesty.

THE Lov'd Disciple, *John*, the bless'd Divine,
The Foes of Truth in *Patmos* Isle confine;
Within whose narrow Desart Limits pent,
He suffer'd and enjoy'd his Banishment.
Nor did his glorious Friend forget him there,
But wond'rous Truths in mystic Scenes declare:
Frequent he came, tho' now disguis'd no more,
In our weak mortal Nature as before:
He came, a golden Girdle round his Breast,
Amidst seven radiant Lamps, and all the God confest.
His piercing Eyes the Flame for brightness pass,
His Feet like pure refin'd *Corinthian* Brass:
His Voice like Streams which from a Mountain Steep,
With awful Sound rush roaring to the Deep:
His Hair like purest Wool, or Virgin Snow,
And from his Mouth a two-edg'd Sword did go:
His Face exceeds the Sun in Pride of Day,
As he a glimm'ring Lamp or Torches feeble Ray.

CLI.

Rev. Chap. I. Ver. 13, 14, 15, 16.

151.

13. *I saw one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.*

14. *His head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire.*

15. *And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters.*

16. *And he had in his right hand seven stars: and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength.*

CLII.

The Description of the heavenly Jeruſalem

AN Angel did the Lov'd Diſciple bear
To a tall Mountain's Brow, and ſhew'd him
there
The Holy City from high Heav'n deſcend,
And watchful Seraphs at the Gates attend:
Of Pearls thoſe Everlaſting Gates were made,
Of precious Stones the firm Foundations laid:
The Walls of *Jaſper*, wond'rous to behold,
The City flam'd with pure Etherial Gold;
Thro' whoſe broad Streets a lovely River glides,
And in the midſt with cryſtal Streams divides;
Which from the Throne of God inceſſant flow,
On whoſe green Banks in comly Order grow
Immortal Trees, which various Fruits produce,
Of heav'nly Flavour, and reviving Juice.
No ſolar Lamp, or Moon's officious Ray,
No twinkling Stars, to make a fainter day;
No uſeleſs Flambeau there, but from the Throne
A radiant Blaze of Light profuſely ſhone.
Here pious Souls ſhall bliſsful Seats obtain,
With God, and with the Lamb to endleſs Age
reign.

CLII.

Rev. Chap. XXII. Ver. 9, 10, 11, 12.

9. *One of the ſeven angels which had the ſeven vials full of the ſeven laſt plagues, and talked with me, ſaying, come hither, I will ſhew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife.*

10. *And he carried me away in the ſpirit to a great and high mountain, and ſhewed me that great city, the holy* Jeruſalem, *deſcending out of heaven from God.*

11. *Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a ſtone moſt precious, even like a* Jaſper *ſtone, clear as cryſtal;*

12. *And had a wall great and high,* &c.

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